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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HOUSEKEEPER'S MUSINGS.

BY S. A. T.

My footsteps, my footsteps are weary,
And tired and dizzy my brain,
But I must get over this feeling,
And go to my labor again.

I think my powers of endurance
Were never remarkably great,
And, somehow I don't know the reason,
They seem to grow weaker of late.

This ne'er ending routine of duties,
This toiling and toiling again,
Is enough to wear out a mortal
With a stronger body and brain.

I know that I ought not to murmur,
There are many worse off than I;
But sometimes I get, oh, so weary,
I think 'twould be pleasant to die.

To lay me down under the roses,
With folded hands over my breast,
Their fragrance all floating above me,
It would be such a sweet, sweet rest.

But Will would be lonely without me,
Our little one motherless be;
For them though my duties were double,
I must try to work cheerfully.

This is not quite the life I pictured,
With spirit so gladsome and free,
When down 'neath the cool, shady willow,
I promised his wife I would be.

Though I'm sure if I could have known then,
It would all be exactly so,
Or my life-task would even be harder—
I could never have told him—No!

For life would be dreary without him,
Though wealth of the Indies were mine;
With him here to comfort and cheer me,
I ought not to sigh nor repine.

But Will will be wanting his supper,
The baby be op'ning his eyes;
O, dear! how I'm wasting my moments!
'Tis wondrous how fast the time flies!

My footsteps, my footsteps are weary,
And tired and dizzy my brain;
But I must get over this feeling,
And go to my labor again.

Clarksfield, Ohio, 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TO THYRSA.

BY JAMES AVIS BAILLEY.

We meet no more on earth, farewell!
It is the prayer I breathe for thee;
For love retains its wonted spell,
And lives and burns the same in me.

Once it was heaven to see thy face,
And mark expression changing there;
The brow that shone with classic grace,
Thy dimpled chin and waving hair!

Oh! how my bosom trembles still!
When memory bids those beauties rise,
That claimed, without their mistress, will,
The homage of my warmest sighs.

Alas! no more on earth we meet,
Save in the airy realm of dreams;
Yet there thy kisses seem so sweet,
I hate the daylight's rising beams.

Farewell, forever! Yes, forever!
None, none can know the grief I feel;
And nought my breast shall e'er deliver
From thoughts it dares not to reveal.

One name by me is never spoken,
But in my heart it hold its shrine;
A heart by thee too early broken,
Again to claim as wholly mine.

Farewell, forever! Yes, farewell!
It is the prayer I breathe for thee;
For love retains its wonted spell,
And lives and burns the same in me.

Wytheville, Va., March 30, 1859.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

THE OLD BROWNING PLACE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY CLARA P. WILLASTON.

CHAPTER I.

A quaint little cottage had been built in a clump of willows near the banks of the Winooski river. The hand of taste and refinement was visible in the arrangement of the neatly-kept lawn. Shrubs of rare and rich varieties, some in bud and some in bloom, dotted the emerald turf, while here and there a flower-bed, cut in some fanciful shape out of the dewy grass and edged with many-tinted shells, gave promise of new beauties to the already charming lawn.

A winding road ran along the fringed banks of the river, far as the eye could reach, and richly-wooded hills towered above the fertile fields across the stream.

The rising sun was bathing the green and growing trees in floods of golden light. The pleasant sounds of rural life filled the air; sheep bleating to their skipping lambs; cattle lowing in the distant pastures; the neighing of horses; the cackling of hens; the hum of bees; the song of birds flashing in the sunlight from tree to tree; the faint clatter of a saw-mill far up the river; the rustling of willow branches, and the soft, musical murmur of the water, all, all were noted, with a sigh of patient resignation, by one who heard them for the last time.

In a room, overlooking the river, the lawn, the green interval, and the wood-crowned heights, lay the dying man. "Oh, how delightful—*how* delightful is the spring-time—thrice blessed season!" said the sufferer.

Roxy Gregg, a tall, spare, vinegar-faced woman, was employed in putting the room in order. She took it upon herself to answer this remark. "Yes, sir; it *is* a pleasant time o' year. I like it because it's so promisin' ter farmers—it gives 'em a chance ter lay in for a good harvest," said this faithful, practical creature, no more understanding the sweet poetry of her master's speech than she did the dead languages. A faint smile of humor stirred Mr. Staunton's white lips at Roxy's characteristic reply, for he had that keen appreciation of the ludicrous, which not even the dread certainty of his approaching dissolution could entirely overcome.

Roxy Gregg had been in his service since his wedding-day. To her had been entrusted the care of his child when it was necessary to take the little weanling from its mother. She had ruled her gentle mistress with loving tyranny, and her hand had closed the snowy-lidded eyes when death removed the wife and mother from her family, two years before. Mr. Staunton set a just value upon Roxy's worth. He knew she would sacrifice her life, if necessary, for Lucia's sake. But her peculiarities of character, her quaint speeches, her obstinate persistence in the use of provincialisms which she had learned from her mother, and her "set" belief in the correctness of her own, often erring, judgment, were sources of unfailing amusement to her genial, fun-loving master. Mr. Staunton had not been "the same man," since his Mary died. True, he had still attended to his business affairs; had found some pleasure in improving his land; had read and studied during his hours of well-earned leisure, and had instructed Mary's child with conscientious care. But life's dearest charm was taken from him when his wife died. The seeds of consumption, which had long lain dormant in his constitution, took root and grew with fearful rapidity, until, now, he knew a few hours must terminate his life.

The night had been one of terrible suffering, and he longed to be at rest. Lucia had not left him during that fearful night, and this morning she had extorted from Roxy's unwilling lips the fatal secret of her father's hopeless condition. Unable to repress her tears, she had stolen out upon the verandah to hide them from his affectionate eyes.

"Where is Lucia?" presently asked the father.

"Out doors, sir, a breathin' the mornin' air," said Roxy, diligently clattering the cups and vials upon the medicine stand.

"Poor lamb!" sighed the father, while Roxy turned her back to hide her own fast-falling tears, and not to witness the drops that stole down his hollow cheeks. With a quiet hand he brushed away these tears and looked anxiously out the open window along the winding road. "It is time my sister and her husband were here. They promised to drive over very early, did they not?"

"Yis, sir."

"Look, Roxy; do you see the carriage on the road? Daylight comes so slowly that I cannot yet distinguish objects at any distance."

Roxy turned upon him a look of tender pity, mixed with affright, for she knew, better than did the sufferer, the mournful import of his words.

"Daylight comes so slow!" she muttered to herself. "The sun is shinin' brighter 'n it has for a month. Roxy, run an' call in your bird, or she'll never see her father ag'in in this life." Then, turning to the sick man, she said: "I'll go out on the v'randy, p'raps I kin see better I'm there."

Lucia sat in a cast-iron garden chair, with her face hidden in her hands. Roxy went up to her, "Go right in, darlin', go in an' love your father all you kin," she said, lifting the poor child to her feet.

Lucia turned a look of agonized inquiry upon Roxy, who said, mournfully, "Yis, precious, he's agoin', he'll soon be in Heaven along with your blessed mother."

The young girl dried her eyes, composed her features, and, with an unsteady step, entered the house.

The sound of carriage-wheels rattling over the pebbly road attracted Roxy's attention. She went to the kitchen and hastily called out a red-armed servant girl.

"Marthy, you tell Mis' Brownin' to hurry right in."

Having thus instructed Martha, Roxy re-entered the sick room. Lucia was kneeling by the couch, and the dying father had laid his hand tenderly upon her bowed, young head. Her slender frame was convulsed with grief, which, by a strong effort, she kept from bursting into piteous sobs.

"Roxy," said Mr. Staunton, solemnly, "promise to stay by my child."

"I *dew* promise you that!" Roxy sobbed out. "An' so I promised her dyin' mother; an' I *won't* leave her till she's growed up, no, not even ef she tries ter drive me off with words harder than clubs an' sharper than knives."

At this juncture the door opened and a middle-aged, restless-looking man entered, followed by a small, nervous, sharp-featured woman, dressed in a fashionable morning-robe. Mrs. Browning burst into a violent passion of tears the moment she entered the room.

"Oh, my poor brother, I did not think you were so low! I did not think you would go so soon."

"I am glad you have come, Sarah," said Mr. Staunton, pressing her hand, then he added, anxiously: "Is your husband here?"

"Yes—yes—here I am," said Judge Browning, advancing.

"We were hindered a little by our guests, this morning—very distinguished people—Governor Temple, his wife, and an interesting son," said Mrs. Browning, her worldly mind quickly throwing off the grief the first sight of her brother's death-stricken face had occasioned.

"Browning, I want to speak with you alone. Go out, my lamb, you Sarah, and you too, Roxy," said Mr. Staunton, in a clear voice.

Mrs. Browning and Lucia went out upon the verandah, while Roxy, crafty in what she considered a good cause, went into an apartment adjoining the sick-room. These rooms were divided by folding-doors, and the couch of the sufferer was drawn up against these doors.

"You've alus made a turrible outcry agin' the meanness ov eavesdroppin', Roxy Gregg, an' here you are, goin' inter it yerself," soliloquized the spinster, dropping upon her knees and applying her eye to the crevice where the doors joined.

Judge Browning was at Mr. Staunton's business-desk, fumbling among some papers. "I don't keer ef 'tis mean ter listen here. I calkilate ter larn all I kin 'bout this proppyty. Sh! they're agoin' ter talk. Now shet up, Roxy, and listen with all yer might."

Every word Mr. Staunton uttered fell distinctly upon her ears. He gave a clear and distinct account of the state of his business affairs; the amount of his estate; the debts he owed; told the manner in which he wished his daughter to be educated, and asked his brother-in-law to act as her guardian. To this Judge Browning agreed, and it was arranged that Lucia should live at Browning Place until she was eighteen, or longer if thought best. "Ain't he agoin' ter speak for Roxy?" thought the dismayed listener, upon hearing Mr. Staunton ask the Judge to call in his sister and daughter.

"Stay, Browning," said the dying man, then he added, with failing voice, "Don't separate Roxy from Lucia; she is a faithful creature. And let Lucia keep her horse; it has been trained for her use."

A gratified smile lightened up Roxy's brown and withered visage. "Thank fortin', he did remember ter speak for Roxy. The old creter 'd up 'nd die, ef they sent her away f'm her lamb."

Mr. Staunton said, solemnly: "Now, Robert Browning, as you do by my orphan child, so may God do by you."

"Amen!" said Judge Browning, faintly, while Roxy uttered her "amen" so emphatically that it had very nearly reached the ears of those in the other room.

Judge Browning stepped out, while Roxy reached the kitchen by some obscure way, and presently made her appearance at the front door, where Judge Browning's coachman stood, holding the horses.

"Guess you'd better put them are hosses inter the barn 'nd give 'em a few oats. It'll be some time afore your folks go hum," she said, with a patronizing air, which greatly exasperated the high-feeling coachman.

"Keep your orders for them that will heed 'em," said he, tartly, while Roxy, grieved and incensed because her well-meant instructions were so ungratefully received, turned away and entered the sick-room.

Here the scene of anguish which met her eyes speedily drove all feeling save that of deepest grief from her heart, for Mr. Staunton had just breathed his last, and Lucia, with a low, piteous wail, had flung herself upon his breast. Mrs. Browning, too, was weeping, and the Judge, with dim eyes, had turned to the window.

CHAPTER II.

The church at Cedarwood village was filled to overflowing with sincere mourners the day of Mr. Staunton's funeral.

"His mourners were two hosts his friends and foes;
He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him
wept."

Tender-hearted mothers looked upon the young orphan with overflowing eyes, and clasped their own darlings still more closely to their hearts as they thought of her desolate condition. There was scarce a dry eye in the house when the minister, in broken words and quivering voice, addressed the bereaved child at the close of his sermon. After the discourse was ended, the coffin was carried out into the open air by four strong men, friends and neighbors of the deceased.

It was placed upon a bier, under the trees in front of the church, and the congregation was invited to take a last look at the corpse. Nearly every one complied. Lucia had borne the heavy burthen of this day with sad composure thus far, but now the thought that she could never, never look upon that dear face any more, came with overwhelming force into her mind. She burst into an agony of grief, and clung to the shrouded form of him who had been father, mother, sister, brother, friend, all, all that could be dearest to her in life, until her aunt gently drew her away.

Women and children cried almost aloud at this sorrowful sight, and many a strong man choked down the rising sobs, and brushed tears from eyes that were long unused to weeping.

After Lucia returned home and the last carriage had disappeared, she instinctively turned to her father's room. The bed and medicine-table had been removed; the room had a bare, desolate look, with no furniture save a lounge, and a small clock on the mantel. The joyous sounds of spring fell upon her chastened sense with sad and solemn meaning. The clock ticked mournfully upon its shelf, and a dead silence reigned throughout the house. Even the heavy-footed Martha went about with noiseless steps, opening and shutting doors without a sound.

Roxy would fain have comforted Lucia, but she had begged to be left alone, and the good soul had taken her Bible and sat down in the back porch to read, for to her this day seemed as holy as the Sabbath.

Lucia went into an adjoining room and opened a little rosewood book-case, a gift from her father, who had filled the shelves with the choicest works of the best authors, and had marked out a course of reading he wished her to pursue. The books were of priceless worth. He had read them all, and their margins were enriched with criticisms and remarks in his own handwriting. She took down a volume of Longfellow's poems. The book opened of its own accord at the precious "Psalm of Life." She could repeat every word of it from memory, yet she lingered lovingly over the lines, finding a mournful pleasure in recalling her father's remarks as they had read it together, "many a time and oft," during the long days of his illness.

She sang it through in a voice so thrilling, so plaintive, so sweetly patient, that it reaches not only the ears but the hearts of Roxy and Martha.

"Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

She repeated this verse in a joyful voice. "Yes, I thank my Heavenly Father for that comfort. We are parted only for a little time.

"'Dust, thou art to dust returned,
Was not spoken to the soul.'

"That, too, is such a blessed solace to my mind in this dreadful hour." She got her Bible and read that until exhausted nature could endure no more, and Roxy found her asleep upon the lounge, with undried tears shining upon her wax-like cheeks.

They remained a day or two at the house, packing away the furniture and such articles as could be left.

Mrs. Browning would have taken Lucia home with her on the day of the funeral, but she had pleaded for permission to remain, to the unspeakable astonishment of her aunt, who could not divine the attraction which kept her there, when she had the privilege of finding a home in so luxurious a house as that at the "Place."

Roxy sighed drearily as she went through the empty rooms, wondering why she and Lucia could not live there together. She felt herself fully competent to manage the farm, for she had obtained a good insight into agricultural affairs. She thought they could hire a man or two and make money by staying there.

She said as much to Lucia, who had made this reply: "Roxy, father wished me to live at Uncle Browning's until I am eighteen. I shall never do anything I think he would not like." Roxy said no more at that time, but she determined not to give up her plan.

Mrs. Browning sent the carriage for Lucia and Roxy, and a cart to bring their luggage. Lucia caused her book-case to be put in before she left the house. She arrived at Browning Place directly after the loaded cart had stopped.

"Where shall we put this, ma'am?" asked the men of Mrs. Browning, who had come to the door.

"Why have you brought this trumpery?" she sharply asked Roxy, then turning to the men she directed them to put the book-case in a large lumber-room attached to one of the outbuildings.

Judge Browning chanced to come up at this instant. He saw the look of grieved disappointment which came into Lucia's eyes, as well as Roxy's indignant motion, which showed her first impulse was to countermand this unfeeling order.

"My dear," said the Judge, with a look of mingled authority and persuasion, "pray, let the child have it in her own room; it was her father's gift, and is no doubt very valuable to her."

Mrs. Browning submitted without another word, but this circumstance, trifling in itself, was sufficient to lay in her revengeful and ignoble nature the foundation of a dislike to the forlorn young girl as bitter as it was unmerited. The thought of Lucia's recent bereavement had no effect upon the hard and selfish nature of her aunt; even the fact of her being the daughter of Mrs. Browning's own brother weighed not in her favor. Mrs. Browning was unwilling to receive the orphan in her family at all, and had told her husband it would be much better to send her to a boarding-school.

"Would you recommend a boarding-school for your daughters?" asked the Judge, with asperity.

"Well—no—but that is no reason why I should be obliged to be troubled with other people's children."

To this the Judge had replied, "Miss Stone can teach three as well as two. Richmond, too, I dare say, will give a little attention to her as well as to his sisters."

Mrs. Browning said no more, but she secretly resolved to make the innocent cause of her annoyance feel the utmost weight of her displeasure. To her daughter Anne, a girl of sixteen, with some beauty of face and figure but none of soul, she confided her thoughts upon the subject, but to Jessie, a little, wayward, generous creature of ten years, she said nothing, because Jessie was so frank and outspoken she would be sure to betray her mother's prejudices in some unguarded moment.

Roxy, jealously watchful of her darling's rights, did not forget the scene of the book-case. She told Lucia she did not count much upon her chance of happiness in that house, grand as it was, with a waiter at every one's elbow. Lucia warned her to beware of interference, and charged her to say not a word to any one about the matter.

"Good gracious, Lucia, you don't think Roxy's an old fool, I hope, that goes an' tells her thoughts to everybody, because she does to you," said Roxy, a little hurt at what she considered an unnecessary caution.

"Oh, no, Roxy," returned Lucia, in a soothing voice, "but you know your hold here is slight, one hasty word might deprive you of all chance of staying with me, and what could I do without you?"

"Blessed lamb! I'd die afore I'd leave you. I calkilate to be kerful, an' I *will* be kerful, but I 'xpect your aunt, with her proud, aggravatin' ways, 'll make my ole blood bile every day o' my life."

Nothing gratified Roxy so much as the belief that she was necessary to Lucia's comfort and happiness. Lucia loved her sincerely, and acutely felt the covert sneers which were cast upon her homely friend by the genteel servants of the house. These sneers did not hurt Roxy's feelings. She did not see them, because she never thought of herself; she lived only for her "lamb."

CHAPTER III.

"The Old Browning Place," so called because it had been so many years in the possession of the Browning family, was a farm of no small magnitude, for it contained three thousand acres of land in one body. Upon the farm, at different points, stood ten tenant houses; these were occupied by the day-laborers employed by Judge Browning in the cultivation of his land. They were men of tried worth and industry, whose fathers had been in the employ of old Col. Browning, the father of the present proprietor. Besides these ten day-laborers, Judge Browning hired forty men by the month. These men were boarded at the family mansion, which was built of stone, and contained one hundred rooms. Some spiteful people said that Judge Browning cheated and half-starved his men, but this could scarcely have been true, else they would not have remained in his service so long.

The men's table was always laid in the basement dining-room, and the delicious dishes served up by the disagreeable, red-capped French cook, never found their way there. But those who partook of the plain, wholesome, substantial fare of the lower table, never were heard to complain of dyspepsia and its train of evil companions, while those above were subject to low spirits and bad digestion, the inevitable consequences of high living and want of exercise.

Twelve women servants were employed to do the work of the house and the dairy, where the milk of nearly two hundred cows was duly converted into butter and cheese. The present occupants had added bay-windows, balconies, verandahs, conservatories, and an observatory to the quaint, old-fashioned mansion. The house stood upon an eminence, which sloped gently to the river. The hill-side in front of the house was dotted with ornamental trees, flowering shrubs, flower-beds, green-houses, graperies and all manner of odd little arbors and rustic seats.

At the right of the house, a ledge of rocks rose up, covered in green moss, with pines, cedars, hemlocks and the beautiful mountain ash with its clusters of bright scarlet berries growing in the rich, black soil.

Winding paths had been cut among these rocks; paths narrow as those worn by cattle in their daily travels to and from the brook which gives them drink. Wild flowers grew luxuriantly amid the rocky clefts, and the hand of taste had added many a fair blossom from foreign lands to this wild, beautiful garden of nature. The cool air was filled with the resinous odors of the pine and the faint perfume of flowers. In many a nook where the pines bent their tassels nearly to the earth, could be found seats fashioned from the crooked branches of oak or elm.

Upon the top of this ledge grew a magnificent elm; at its feet had been built a rustic arbor, which was overrun by a tangled, frost grapevine, which, even now, gave promise of an abundant harvest of its acid fruit. Near the arbor, a crystal spring bubbled up from the rocks, and stealing its way among mosses and ferns and long, trailing grass, ran merrily down the hill-side, babbling and laughing until it joined the river below, where its fate resembled that of a light-hearted maiden who has danced gleefully along life's ways, until she has united her fate with that of some grave and thoughtful senior, when her girlish spirits subside into matronly sedateness, and her individuality is lost in that of her dignified companion. At the left of the house, was a thrifty orchard of pear, plum, apple and cherry trees, while the rear was occupied by numerous outbuildings, hidden from view by screens of grape-vines.

Rows of silver maples grew along each side of the carriage-road, which wound up from the bridge at the foot of the hill. The rich pastures were daintily cropped by choicely blooded stock, descendants of imported parents, whose pedigrees were as long as those of noblemen; and buyers came from distant States to purchase, at almost fabulous prices, these celebrated animals.

Judge Browning was known throughout the country as a man of great wealth and enlightened mind. Men of large means urged him to borrow their money, while men whose purses were ill-supplied borrowed of him. He was a plain, unpretending man, with restless, almost timid manners, who, instead of finding satisfaction in the honors the world "thrust upon him," appeared as if he would gladly shrink from all public notice. He held many offices of trust and emolument, and had been for many years the Commissioner of Pensions in his district. But his haughty little wife had pride enough for both; indeed, to be noticed by the aristocratic Mrs. Browning, to be invited to her house, her parties, was considered a great and very desirable honor.

Nor is the reader to suppose from the little glimpse he has had of Mrs. Browning's inner nature, that she was incapable of doing the honors of her position with dignity and ease. She was an accomplished woman, and thoroughly understood the difficult art of adapting herself to the different characters with which she had to deal, and rarely failed of pleasing when such was her object.

Yet it was very well known that this proud and elegant lady had been the humble companion of Judge Browning's first wife. She was then young, handsome and ambitious, and he could no more have resisted her wiles after the death of his wife than can the charmed bird the fascinating eye of the serpent which holds it entranced.

It is true she was of a good family, and her father had stood even higher than did the late Col. Browning. But a series of misfortunes had reduced them to comparative poverty, so that, at his death, but a pittance remained, and his children were obliged to depend upon their own exertions for a support. Of two of these, Charles and Sarah, we have already spoken; the third, a wild, adventurous boy, many years older than the other two, ran away to sea during his father's life-time, and had not since been heard of.

The first Mrs. Browning had left one son, who was now twenty-six years of age. He had been educated in England, but had now settled down at Browning Place, where he divided his time between his studies and the management of his father's farms. He was a young man of excellent principles, the pride of his father's heart.

Mrs. Browning loved him a little and feared him more. Although of a hypocritical nature, she never ventured upon any double-dealing with him, for she knew he had wonderful skill in detecting deceit, and she dreaded his disapproval.

Judge Browning, too, strange as it may appear, seemed to stand somewhat in awe of the tall, grave, stately young man who called him father.

Richmond was kind and gentle, but never familiar with his sisters, who looked up to him with reverence, as to some superior being.

Lucia scarcely dared speak in his presence; yet he was at some pains to cultivate the friendship of the pale, desolate child. Anne saw that his voice took a tone of deeper tenderness when he addressed the orphan.

The governess saw it also, and thought this gentle pity for the stricken one added a new lustre to his many excellencies. Miss Stone considered him a second Bayard, "*sans peur, et sans reproche.*" Her admiration was daily ripening into a love as wild as it was hopeless, a love which she would have died rather than betray, for she saw, but too plainly, that it was not returned.

CHAPTER IV.

Lucia Staunton had now been a year at Browning Place. Three hours each day were devoted to the school-room and two to music. The remainder of the day she was left to her own inclinations, which led her much out of doors, summer and winter. Not a day passed, however bleak or stormy, without her taking exercise in the open air.

Her father had exacted from her a promise to do this, because her constitution was naturally fragile, and he thought such a life would be beneficial to her health, as, indeed, it was. She was now fifteen. Her slender, delicate form was rapidly rounding into the perfect proportions of tender, young womanhood, and beautiful roses of health bloomed freely in her soft cheeks and curving lips.

Her spirited but well-trained horse, Fairyfoot, was daily saddled for her use. There was scarcely a bird's nest in the woods that escaped her notice. She studied ornithology until she made herself familiar with the names, haunts and habits of the shyest birds that tenanted the forests, and tested the truth of the ornithologists' assertions by actual observation.

Flowers, too, were a great delight to her, and she never went out, in their season, without bringing in her hands full of these sweet, wild children of nature. In the spring, she found the odorous May-flowers peeping up through wasting snow-banks, some days before any one else thought of looking for them. Climbing trees and fences, plunging through marshes where she oftentimes sank above her boots in the wet, yielding turf, and navigating ponds upon a plank were among her everyday amusements. Her roving habits worried Roxy, because Mrs. Browning held them up as warnings to her own pale-faced daughters. Yet, although deeply mortified and annoyed by Mrs. Browning's scornful criticisms upon Lucia's torn dresses and scratched hands, Roxy had never ventured to remonstrate with her until her fifteenth birth-day, when a circumstance occurred that gave her a good opportunity to express her views upon the subject.

Mrs. Browning had invited Governor Temple, his wife and son to dinner, and had intimated to Lucia that her presence would be desirable. They lived at the capital of the State, which was situated but a mile from the Place, and was in full view, with many a cultivated field between, while a chain of shadowy blue mountains encircled all.

The day came and the dinner hour drew near. The guests were expected every instant. Mrs. Browning and her daughters, elegantly dressed, were already in the drawing-room, but Lucia was not to be found. Roxy had seen her mount Fairyfoot and dash down a narrow, green lane, soon after the morning exercises were concluded. It was now four o'clock, and the good soul was in a prodigious fret at the non-appearance of Lucia.

Judge Browning was the soul of punctuality, and Roxy feared he would set down Lucia's remissness as a mark of the greatest disrespect to their guests; at least his wife would labor to convince him that her absence was an intentional affront. Mrs. Browning, too, would show her displeasure in that cold, sarcastic manner which was more aggravating than the sharpest reproach tongue could utter.

Roxy was in the greatest "pickle," to use her own expressive language, that ever one poor woman was in. She walked out into the kitchen garden, passing, without a glance, row after row of thriving vegetables, which, at any other time would have commanded her most admiring attention. From the garden she went into the orchard, where the apple trees were rosy with their beautiful blooms. At the farthest verge of the orchard was a secluded, grass-grown bridle-path, running between a thick wood and the river, which was overhung, by steep, rocky banks at the opposite side.

The tall, gaunt figure of Roxy Gregg, clad in an ancient, mourning calico dress, a world too short and scant, with a white kerchief crossed over her breast, went peering about among trees and bushes for the truant. At length she found her in a little, mossy dell, shaded by a profusion of stag-horn sumachs, whose green spikes were daily gaining their bright crimson livery.

There she sat; her jaunty riding-cap at her feet; her rich, short, brown curls rolling all over her head in the wildest tangles; her lap full of wild flowers; one hand grasping the bridle of Fairyfoot, who was contentedly nibbling at the grass, the other holding a copy of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," which she was reading with the utmost apparent enjoyment.

"Lucia! Lucia Staunton!" cried Roxy as soon as she could find breath. "What upon airth d'ye mean? Ther's Gov'nor Temple 'nd his family expected every minute, an' you here. I've been worried e'enamost tew death. Yer aunt an' uncle 'll disown an' disinherit ye, (wish they would, tew, then we'd be free ter go back t' th' old place 'n take a heap o' comfort.) Miss Stone has been to me three times inquirin' for ye."

Lucia started to her feet at Roxy's appearance, with a ludicrous look of dismay.

"Why, I had utterly forgotten that this was the day," she said, snatching up her cap and springing into the saddle lightly as a fairy. "I'll be at the house in three minutes, Roxy," she added, putting her mettlesome steed to a quick gallop, while Roxy took the way through the orchard at her best speed.

Lucia rode up to the stable door, and, dismounting, gave Fairyfoot in charge of Perk Watkins, the stable-boy.

"Have Governor Temple and his family come, Perk?" asked she, gathering the skirt of her riding-habit up into her hand.

"Not yit; ole Rox', she's been out here seventeen times a axin' me which way you went, when she knowed as well as I did."

"Please, don't speak so of Roxy, Perk," said Lucia, gently. "She is old enough to be your grandmother," she added, thinking a knowledge of this fact would incline him to show more respect.

"I know it, Miss Lucia, and so she's ole Rox, ain't she? ho! ho! ho!" chuckled the boy, hugely delighted with his wit, which Lucia left him to enjoy at his leisure.

She entered the kitchen door, where the French cook was in his element, ordering the servants to the right and left in the most consequential manner.

"Twentee meeneet more, ze dinnare be rooened vera moosh," said Mons. Mercie, with a warning look at our heroine, who escaped the steam, and bustle and confusion as speedily as possible, and tripped up the back-stairs to her own apartment.

CHAPTER V.

When Roxy entered the room, Lucia had completed her ablutions and combed out her curls. A white muslin dress, with a profusion of rose-colored ribbons, had been laid out by Roxy, and in less than ten minutes Lucia was dressed. She had never looked more lovely; a fresh yet delicate tint colored her cheeks, her rose-bud lips were of the deepest scarlet, and her deep-brown eyes were sparkling with animation and excitement.

"Oh, Roxy, I found another ground-bird's nest to-day, in the queerest place—

"'Well; in my walks I've rarely found
A place less likely for a bird to form
Its nest; close by the rut-gulled wagon-road,
And on the almost—'"

"Lucia! for marcy's sake, *dew* leave off that dreffal habit o' quotin' poetery. No good will come of it, I'm sure," broke in Roxy, impatiently, unheeding the extreme naturalness of the lines which Lucia so keenly appreciated.

"They're by the poor, peasant poet, John Clare. Papa liked him," said Lucia, rather to herself than to her companion.

Roxy took up Lucia's riding-dress to hang in the closet, when something in the pocket caused her to institute an examination. She put in her hand and drew it out filled with speckled blue eggs.

"Oh, you wicked child! been off a robbin' birds' nests," and Roxy eyed the culprit with a look of stern disapproval.

"Those are crows' eggs, Roxy. Papa always hired boys to break up crows' nests—crows pull corn, you know," said Lucia, hastening to explain.

"An' where on airth 'd ye git 'em?"

"Come here," replied Lucia, leading the way to the window, and pointing to a wooded hill situated about two miles from the house. "See, that blasted hemlock—the one so far above the other trees, with its dead branches pointing in every direction. I got the eggs in the forks of those branches. I heard uncle say the crows pulled corn faster than the men could plant it, and I thought I would exterminate a few, so I climbed—"

"Lucia Staunton! ef ever you dare climb a tree agin, I vow, I'll cut me a willer switch, an' I'll whip you without marcy, ef I'm hung for't the very next minit!" cried the horrified Roxy, growing pale as death at the bare thought of the danger the daring girl had escaped, and using the most terrific threat her imagination could devise in order to guard against a similar risk.

"You darling old soul!" cried the mad-cap girl, flinging her arms around Roxy's neck and putting her sweet lips up to the withered, old cheek of her friend. "I'll never do so any more, if it worries you."

"Wa'al, don't," said Roxy, relieved; "you're fifteen to-day, 'nd hed orter stiddy down 'nd be a woman. Miss Anne is a perfect lady in company—"

"And out of it, too, eh, Roxy?" queried Lucia, mischievously.

"I don't think she ever clim' a tree; she ain't sech a romp as you be, Lucia," said Roxy, with decision.

"Roxy, I'm not a romp!" cried Lucia, a blaze of indignation flashing from her fine eyes. "A romp is a rude, loud, boisterous creature, and that I'd scorn to be."

"Wa'al you ain't loud an' boist'rous, I know, but you've sartainly got the name o' romp," rejoined Roxy, firmly. "Every gal gits that name 't goes tearin' through the woods, 'nd climbs trees, 'nd jumps fences, 'nd makes her hoss jump fences tew. Your aunt don't like it, nuther; she's ashamed o' your carryin's on in that way."

"I don't care if she is," said Lucia, indignantly; "she might tell me so kindly, instead of sneering at me until I get so enraged that I feel as if I had rather provoke her than not!"

"I know she ain't very kind, but this rompin' ain't proper, nor becomin' for you now, my lamb, an' I wish you'd consider on't. Your father 'd be grieved, ef he was alive, ter hev you tearin' around so much like a great boy."

The fire in Lucia's eyes was quenched by this last appeal, in the sweet dew of penitential tears. Roxy had touched a chord which never failed to give forth music, for Lucia's reverence for the memory of her father was unbounded, and the slightest hint from Roxy that her father would disapprove her conduct was sufficient to subdue her rebellious spirit in its most refractory moods.

This conversation had been kept up while Lucia was rapidly performing her toilet. When it was finished, she took a brief glance at her radiant beauty in the mirror, and set off in some trepidation for the drawing-room. In the lower hall she encountered Richmond, who was pacing to and fro.

"I am glad you are ready. You have been missed," he said, with a grave, sweet smile.

He did not accompany her into the parlor, or she might have escaped the scene that followed. He was the only one in the house, except Roxy, that understood and respected the noble character of this young girl, and he had discovered germs of thought that were strong, beautiful and good in her undeveloped mind—germs that, with proper culture, were capable of bearing glorious fruit. And he found pleasure in encouraging the rich yet timid buds of genius that were daily gaining strength and beauty in the mind of Lucia Staunton.

When Lucia entered the drawing-room, Judge Browning was out upon the verandah. The cold, quiet Anne was struck by Lucia's exceeding loveliness, as, in her delicate muslin robes and dainty ribbons, she traversed the spacious apartment, into whose costly carpet her feet sank as deeply as they did in the moss that carpeted her haunts in the woods. Anne whispered to her mother:

"Lu grows handsomer every day; she will surpass us all."

Mrs. Browning made no reply to this remark, which did not tend to weaken the resolve she had taken, but, bending her cold eyes upon her niece, she said, in a freezing voice:

"Miss Staunton, after this inexcusable delay, we will dispense with your company at dinner."

"As you please, Madam," said Lucia, haughtily, then retiring from the room with a carriage and dignity that were perfectly queen-like, she closed the door and found herself face to face with Richmond Browning. He noticed her flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, and resolutely drawing her half-resisting hand through his arm, he led her into the library.

"What is it, my child?" he asked, in a voice which she knew must be obeyed.

"I have been insulted and sent from the room because I was not there earlier, yet it lacks ten minutes of the dinner hour, and the guests have only just crossed the bridge. I would not stay in this house another hour, were it not for my father's dying request."

"Be calm, poor child; get these angry thoughts out of your heart as speedily as possible," said Richmond, gravely, yet in tones of inexpressible tenderness and pity.

"I cannot. The injustice and unkindness of my aunt and Anne are hardening my heart. My thoughts are so bitter and resentful, that they terrify me," said Lucia, gloomily.

"You must strive earnestly and perseveringly for strength and patience to bear these trials. Watch yourself well, Lucia. If you once gain the mastery of your temper, and learn to meet aggressions in a gentle and forbearing spirit, you will be astonished at the triviality of offences which now seem so overwhelming to you."

These wise and comforting words were lost upon Lucia in her present excited state, but they were not thrown away, as the sequel will prove.

Richmond Browning knew she was wronged, but deemed it unwise to tell her so. He knew it would be better for her to dwell upon her own feelings rather than upon those of her persecutors. She had never spoken so frankly to him before; but he liked this confidence, and, now the ice was broken, knew he was henceforward to be her chief counsellor and confidant. She looked up to him as to a father, or to a brother ages older than herself. He had not analyzed the feelings with which he regarded her, but they were certainly not those of a lover.

Governor Temple was past the prime of life, and his thin, silvery hair was scattered over a head whose excellent proportions would have delighted a phrenologist. He had grown old in serving the public, and his life had been one of unimpeachable integrity, so that he was able to bear with the calm superiority of conscious innocence whatever his political enemies might say against him. His wife was a quiet, well-bred lady, of not very striking character, and his son was tolerably well-educated, with hair black as a crow's wing, piercing black eyes, and a thick moustache, which served to soften and conceal the more prominent defects of a coarse and animal mouth. He had just returned home after a year's absence at the South, and Mrs. Browning had invited the family to dinner in honor of his return.

The table was glittering with china, silver and cut-glass, all the appointments of the room were fashionable and expensive, while contributions had been levied upon foreign lands, upon earth and water, for the various courses of this dinner, which the ambitious Mons. Mercie had resolved should be a perfect *chef d'ouvre* in culinary art.

"Where is Lucia?" asked the Judge.

"She went off to ride, this morning," said Mrs. Browning, not too good to use that equivocation which is as sinful as a downright falsehood and equally bad in its effects. The servants supposed their mistress to be unaware of Lucia's return, but were too well-trained to speak unless directly addressed.

At his mother's equivocal reply, a red spot came into Richmond's cheeks, and the veins stood out like whip-cord in his broad, white forehead. Jessie nestled uneasily in her chair, for she had witnessed Lucia's dismissal, but a warning look from her mother kept her silent. What a charming maternal lesson was this for her tender mind! Miss Stone sighed; alas! her faithful teachings had not power to counteract the evil that this heartless and unreflecting woman implanted in the naturally truthful character of her daughter. Anne, utterly unmoved by her mother's prevarication, trifled gracefully with her napkin ring, while James Temple looked in admiration upon her tapering, snow-white fingers and dimpled hands.

In the meantime, Lucia had exchanged her white muslin for a robe of sober gray, and, pulling her wide-brimmed hat far over her burning face, she went down the back way in order to reach the woods unobserved. She met Roxy on the stairs.

"Why, Lucia, what upon airth—" began Roxy, holding up both hands.

"Don't hinder me, Roxy, I'm going to the woods," said Lucia, with quivering lips.

"They've been abusin' her, I know," muttered Roxy; "good-for-nothin', puss-proud, sot-up varmin. I don't like any ov 'em 'cept Mr. Richmond, an' little Jessie, an' she'll soon be as bad as the rest. It's a growin' upon her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STUDIES OF CHARACTER.

Extracts from the Journal of a Housekeeper.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Mr. Annesly exemplified what has been said, that superior men are often no judges of women.

He has all the outward appliances of prosperity, and a large capacity for enjoyment, yet he does not look like a man who fully enjoys life.

He has drawn three times in the marriage lottery, and a blank—no, not a blank, but a positive evil each time.

The first time, a termagant. A woman some years his senior, showy, talented, but a perpetual thorn in domestic life.

After having become malleable and ductile in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, he lost his wife. He took a little time for a breathing spell, and to allow his moral epidermis to recover from the rasping it had undergone, when he began to look about for a second wife.

He thought, in choosing a wife this time, he would avoid the error he made in his first choice.

So, after a little search, he married a woman who was universally pronounced "*easy* tempered," and was of suitable age, and settled himself down to enjoy peace at his own fireside. Vain delusion.

He is a man of neatness and order, of refined tastes, can he enjoy a home where confusion and disorder reign?

In avoiding the rock upon which he had wrecked his happiness before, he thought he had secured domestic felicity. But soon, though he does not hear harsh, sharp words, waste and slatternliness meet him at every turn when he enters his own house, and his spirit is worn and weary, and finds no rest anywhere.

The discomfort and unsightliness he could bear better, did they not imply a lack of love, and of a sense of duty, in his wife. Did she value his peace, his comfort, his affection, he thinks she would endeavor to reform her careless habits, and to *con*form in some degree to his tastes and wishes.

He can see no efforts in this direction, and if thorns assailed his spirit before in his domestic life, briers and nettles meet him constantly now.

After a few years *this* wife died.

But he must needs try his luck in the connubial lottery again, exercising due caution this time. He must have a wife neither a slattern nor a shrew, and who would not waste his substance by careless living.

By the help of one or two of those *friends* who always come to the aid of those that want to enter the wedded state, or who they fancy ought to, a woman was found who seemed every way eligible.

She was "neat as wax," one of these helpers told him, a very pattern in the matter of economy, always appearing well-dressed upon scarcely half the sum most ladies expend to effect the same result.

Her taste in this matter, too, seemed almost faultless, which recommended her greatly to him, being a man of taste himself. As for temper, she was pronounced all that could be desired in this respect. No one had ever seen her angry, and she had been subjected to much provocation, too, having a fretful, fault-finding stepmother, and a sickly brother, who was very peevish and querulous, but she bore all the trials they caused her with great patience and evenness of temper. Bridget, her mother's Irish girl, said she had "never seen her *riled* with all their goins on." She was very fair looking, twenty-five to his thirty-five, and, besides her other qualifications, was pronounced very industrious, and well versed in housekeeping. He had spent a few evenings in her company, and thought she conversed as well as women in general, not very high praise, perhaps, but about all that could be expected. He could not look for the qualifications of an angel (if indeed angels are good talkers, which they should be to make Heaven the most desirable place that could be imagined,) he could not expect all graces and accomplishments in

"A creature not too fair and good
For human nature's daily food."

So he was content with the sum of earthly perfections she possessed, and of which he felt himself reasonably sure.

So they were married.

Things went on very well for a while. The joy of possessing such a treasure blinded him to any flaws that might appear in her conduct. But soon he discovered that she was intensely selfish. She cared no more for his happiness, his comfort, his convenience, did not in any arrangement consult his tastes and wishes, any more than she did those of the great Mogul.

But, with all this neglect, she maintained the most perfect placidity and calmness, seeming wholly unconscious of having come short of the duty of a perfect wife. She never refused any request of his with regard to food, or any little preference he might have. She would always receive it so blandly, that he would deceive himself with the idea, against all his foregone experience, that it would be complied with, yet it was never heeded if it interfered in the slightest degree with her own convenience, or was in any way distasteful to herself. This, he said to a friend, was like battling with an unseen enemy, and was worse than open warfare, such as his first wife brought him. It was more provoking, too, this quiet persistence in her own way, than open opposition, that he could combat.

And so his life wears away.

Uncle Tim says, if Mr. Annesley had been a phrenologist, he would have known by this woman's depressed benevolence and raised firmness, her head being an inclined plane between these two organs, that she would be both selfish and stubborn.

Her deficient adhesiveness, too, he says, increases her dont-care-ativeness for others.

But had Uncle Tim warned him by these signs, he would have been thought a crotchety old fellow, and not been heeded.

Many such quiet, unimpressible people as she pass for amiable. I have learned to know them, not phrenologically, but by other little unmistakable signs, which make me feel, even though I have not had opportunity to scan their conduct, that it is never governed by that beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice which prompted the exclamation, "thy necessity is greater than mine." Few are guided by signs of character in the choice of friends, companions or servants, yet, did we understand them, there are those more unerring than actions, of which we do not always know the secret spring; more to be relied on than the affidavit of every intimate associate of the person whose qualities we would scan.

These things will assume the certainty of a science some day.

Mrs. Nye is an old lady, who really seems to *enjoy* trouble.

From long habit, its stimulus has become as necessary to her mental constitution as the opium, of which she takes a daily dose, is to her physical system. I have heard of the "luxury of grief." I see it exemplified in her. She rolls it as a sweet morsel under her tongue.

You never meet her but she begins to sigh, and draw a wo-begone face.

You wonder, "what calamity now?" thinking all the list of possible ones has been exhausted in her case—in her imagination.

But she is never at a loss for a fresh grievance with which to regale the ears of her friends, be it nothing more than that her cat has been committing depredations in her milk closet, or her hired maid has left the door ajar, and some depredatory dog has stolen the joint of meat upon which she had relied for dinner. The ingratitude of friends—those whom she has benefited—is a favorite theme with her. She will detail to you the abuses she has suffered in this regard, with great relish, never allowing you, by suggesting a doubt, to abate aught of the glory of her martyr's crown in this respect.

And she thrives on this mental aliment of grief and grievances, looking hale and hearty, cheerful, too, when you get down to the core of her face, through the lugubrious layers upon the surface, reminding one who looks upon her fair proportions of the exclamation of Falstaff: "A plague on sighing and grief, they blow a man up like a bladder."

They suggest that, though "sighing and sorrow" may be poison to some, they are "*meat*" to her. Truly there is a goodly variety of character in this world of ours, and it is well worth study. What more curious—what more improving? The shades are as infinite as the numbers of the human race.

No two alike in their physical mould, no two in their mental conformation.

Mrs. S. always meets you with a smile, even the moment after she has been villifying you behind your back.

You never know how she is disposed toward you by the front she presents, but her husband is an excellent thermometer of her states of feeling, which range considerably, though her own manner rarely indicates it.

Her husband, poor man, accepts her version of everybody's character and everybody's conduct, and is governed accordingly in his manifestations toward them.

You go down the street, and meet Mr. S. He turns you a cold shoulder.

Ah, what have I done? you ask of yourself. We were the best of friends at last advices.

It comes out in a few days.

A female friend tells you that Mrs. S. has been speaking very harshly of you.

She says that, in the supper-room at a late party, you treated her with rudeness and contempt.

You have met her since, she smiled as usual.

You try to recall what passed between you at the party. You can't recollect having seen Mrs. S. in the supper-room at all.

Possibly that was your offence. Perhaps you overlooked her when you should have seen her. Accidents will happen. But how to apologise for what you don't know.

You are saved the trouble. You meet Mr. S. His bright side is toward you again.

He even extends his hand and grasps yours, as if he would say, "it's all right, old boy, I see I was mistaken."

You see it's all right, but you don't know why any more than you knew why, a few days before, it was all wrong.

The mystery is soon cleared up.

Female friend tells you that Mrs. S. has told her, she finds she was mistaken in regard to your conduct, that she is convinced it proceeded from inadvertence, and not intentional disrespect.

She is not aware of the unerring index which has shown to you the rise and fall in the barometer of her good feeling—the variations of the needle of her approbation.

Reading this to a friend, "Oh, that is nothing new," she said; "I have seen many instances of the sort; besides, I have seen women whose children and servants would indicate, by their treatment of you, the state of feeling toward you at head-quarters, though you met nothing but smiles from that region."

It is as though a person was making faces at you behind your back, and you had a mirror in front that revealed all his motions. And then I remembered Mrs. Ashley, who stood back and pulled the wires, setting her children on to annoy those she did not like, those that happened to be members of her own family and others, spoiling thereby their tempers, and placing weapons in their hands which may one day be turned against herself.

AN IRISH DUELLIST.

Mr. Pat. Power, of Daragle, was a fat, robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face. He on one occasion fought with a fire-eating companion named Bill Brisco. When taking aim, he said he still had a friendship for him, and would show it; so he only shot off his whisker and the top of his ear.

When travelling in England, Power had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion, a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room when he entered the coffee room. The representation of Irish manners at this time on the English stage was a tissue of ignorance, blunders, and absurdities; and when a real Irish man appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class, and so a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gentleman's watch, with the owner's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person who sent it. He pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm, and, with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and presenting the watch begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own silver one from his fob, and presenting it to his servant, desired him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the company he would keep it safe till called for. It was never claimed.

On another occasion he ordered supper; and while waiting for it, he read the newspaper. After some time, the waiter laid two dishes on the table; and when Power examined the contents, he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare; and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and directing him in Irish what to do, quietly made his supper off the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his mater, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him "they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell, he was ready to give satisfaction to the other." The parties immediately rushed out without waiting for a second invitation.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, June 10, 1863.

THE FRENCH AT PUEBLA.

The last reports from Puebla are that the French have captured that city, and are pushing on to the city of Mexico. This may be true, though it comes so suddenly upon the heels of the reported abandoning of the siege. We have been engaged so much with our own war, that the heroic defence of Puebla and the unexpected delay and resistance the French encountered from the Mexicans, has made but little impression upon the public mind it otherwise would have done, and as no doubt it will do in Europe. The French have been baffled for a long time in doing what the United States forces so easily and successfully accomplished under General Scott. Is it that the Mexicans have learned how to fight better now than they did then, or that the French fight worse than the Americans did. There is no reason to suppose that the Mexicans fight differently now from what they did then. Physically, they are about the same; the road is precisely the same; and the improvements in guns and instruments of war are almost entirely on the side of the French; while the country is in every respect poorer and less able to support a severe war or purchase expensive armaments—and yet the French have been more than a year trying to do what Scott did in less than three months, and they have considerable work to do yet before they accomplish as much.

The advantage of the French over the army of General Scott is very great in point of discipline. Our men were raw volunteers, utterly undisciplined when they set out, and, indeed, through the whole march but little order was preserved. No doubt the artillery of the United States army was well served, though not more scientifically than that of France. But for the rest, there is no computing the thousands of lives that were lost on the march, by want of military discipline on the part of our men and knowledge on the part of our officers of volunteers.

No doubt General Scott's plans were very thorough, but then the French generals had the benefit of all his experience. The great causes of difference are to be found in the greater effect of climate on the French than on the American forces, and in the better constitution of the American than the French soldier every way. Our army would probably have an average of *two inches* of superior height, and a still greater advantage of stamina of constitution for enduring fatigue. The licentious habits of the French have reduced the average height, and still more their average of strength and power of endurance. In Massachusetts, the illegimate births were last year but eight-tenths of one per cent.; while in Paris, one-third and upwards of the children are born out of wedlock. There is no doubt as to the science of the French officers or the courage of the French men; but, in a new climate they cannot endure, for lack of the same physique.

The result of this invasion of Mexico compared with the military prestige of our campaign, must be humiliating to the French in the eyes of all Europe. Its promised success may relieve it partially of this mortification, but the difficulties and dangers of invasion will tend materially to modify the objects first sought in the war, and help to preserve the future from complication. In April, the Times predicted that the French would soon take Mexico, and then from there intervene effectively in our affairs. That Napoleon was invading Mexico with a view in some way or other, or on no matter what pretext, purloining Texas, and probably Louisiana, from our Southern States, there is but little doubt, perhaps as the price of intervention, and the recognition of the rest of the South. But the resistance encountered in Mexico will be very likely to induce him, if he can but find a plausible pretext to exchange American for European schemes of intervention. The difficulty of invading hostile territory must be tolerably clearly established by this time. Our success in Mexico led us to under-estimate those difficulties. Reckless of life and limb, our men rushed up to batteries and took them, hardly knowing or caring whether they were in any danger or not. If an assault was to be made, discipline, or time, or step were not thought of, but two regiments were set running to see which could *first* plant their colors on the hostile batteries, and such was the dash and impetus that, as the foremost of our men ran in, the enemy ran out behind. This led us to think we may do any thing by *dash*. But we have found that it would not do as an exclusive reliance in invading the South, and Napoleon's general have found that taking Mexico costs more than it ever can be worth as conquered territory.

THE IRISH ENLISTMENTS.

The English and Irish journals are making a great noise over the alleged enlistments by United States Government agents of Irish recruits for our army. This great emigration arises from another and natural cause, the want of employment and wages at home, and the certainty of finding them in America. The United States want all the able-bodied recruits that can be mustered in Ireland. Our great agricultural fields need labor to make them productive, our railroads must be constructed, our coal mines worked, our factories find skilled labor. Irishmen and Englishmen starving at home find immediate employment for themselves, at good wages, as soon as they reach our shores. In some of the Northwestern States the men are so scarce that the women had taken to field labor. In addition to these sources of employment, we have armies which pay better than any army in the world for the service rendered. There is some hard fighting to do, but Irishmen generally are rather fond of a fight, and for the sake of the well paid service will not mind the risk. There is nothing in all this that need raise such a fuss abroad. England cannot maintain these people or keep them from starvation. They have a right to seek their fortunes in any land they please. They please to come to America, and if they enter our army it is nobody's business but their own. There are no inducements held out by our Government to tempt them to this disposal of themselves, nor no Government agents employed for that purpose. The motive is the strongest that can appeal to man, starvation at home, employment, good wages and respectable position, incident to thrift and industry in the United States. That is the whole secret of Irish emigration.

HOOKER'S BATTLES.

General Hooker's battles in Virginia are the subject of general comment in the English journals. All of them nearly, with the exception of the London News, predict disaster to the Union army and its probable annihilation. They give due credit to the gallantry of the soldiers of the army, but sharply criticise the military abilities of the commander. The London News looks upon the willingness of the Army of the Potomac to fight, after its reverses, as an evidence of the determination of the North not to stop the war till rebellion is subdued, and its skill and courage instead of diminishing acquire fresh force. The value of English opinion upon affairs in the United States need not be estimated very highly. There is just as much partisan spirit there in respect to our affairs as there is in this country, and each journal sees events through an atmosphere of its own prejudice or preconception, which distorts the facts more or less. Their opinions are quoted now, not because they are regarded as intelligent criticism, from a source so far removed from our quarrels as to be candid and fair, but merely to show the drift and tendency of public feeling in England, which, like a barometer, denotes approaching storm or fair weather.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.—The English travellers, Spoke and Grant, have discovered that Lake Victoria Nyanza is the source or basin of the White Nile. By this discovery the southernmost limit of the basin of the Nile is determined to be four degrees south of the Equator. This is a satisfactory solution at last of a question which has perplexed the world for thousands of years. The discovery does not promise as yet much practical advantage, but no fact which enlarges the bounds of human knowledge was ever discovered without some special benefit arising ultimately from the discovery. In a scientific point of view alone the discovery is a valuable one. The English account of the searches of these explorers says:

"There is some obscurity in the account with regard to the position of the lake; the strict sense of the original (which our translation faithfully follows) would place it as far north as ten degrees of north latitude; but as previous discoverers have followed the river at least six degrees further south, we suspect that there is some inaccuracy in the report in this respect."

RACING.—*Messrs. Editors:* Will you please inform the public whether there is not a law forbidding horse-racing in this State? S.

The law of this State, which may be found on page 523 of Purdon's Digest, 1862, declares that all racing, running, pacing or trotting of horses, mares or geldings, for money, goods or chattels, or for other valuable things, shall be and are hereby declared to be common nuisances and offences against the State, and the authors, parties, contrivers and abettors shall be prosecuted and proceeded against by indictment.

THE WORK OF THE PENSION BUREAU.—During the last month there were eighteen hundred and seventy-four army pension certificates issued, while the applications for certificates now average over two hundred daily. They are being granted at the rate of about one hundred per day.

MAJOR RICHARD S. SMITH, who was recently elected President of the Girard College, has resigned his commission to take charge of the trust. He was in the Twelfth U. S. Infantry with the Army of the Potomac.

RETALIATION IN WAR.

At different periods of the war, rebel journals have suggested extreme and barbarous measures against the Union prisoners taken in battle. As the fortunes of war vary, and prisoners are taken on both sides, the inauguration of a bloody and vindictive code would subject those who introduce it to terrible retaliation. The rebel leaders, therefore, have restrained their feelings and permitted the usual laws of war to govern them in the matter of prisoners. Since the black brigades have been organized, the original ferocity of the rebel temper has again found vent in the passage of a law by the rebel Congress declaring that all white officers commanding negro troops, who may be taken prisoners, shall be punished with death or otherwise, at the discretion of the military court. All negro troops taken are to be sent to the authorities of the State in which they are captured, to be dealt with according to the laws of those States, that is either to be hung or sold. This act is now a law, and the rebels refuse to allow the officers captured in Straight's command to be paroled, because there were negroes in uniform attendant upon them. Gen. Halleck, in consequence of this violation of the cartel of exchange, refuses to permit any more officers to be paroled, and has ordered those at large on parole to be returned to close confinement. This is a proper measure of precaution against the execution of the rebel threats, which, if attempted, will undoubtedly lead to retaliation. A cruel and barbarous necessity which war sometimes imposes.

Whatever may be said of the policy of using negro troops, the right of our Government to use either white or black cannot be successfully questioned. The act of the rebel authorities placing it on ground similar to inciting servile insurrection, and, therefore, to be criminally punished, cannot be sustained by any known rule of war, nor by the facts of the case. Their negroes are an element of strength to them, and are used by them for all military purposes, except (for prudential reasons) having arms put in their hands. The same right to use them for war purposes certainly exists on the other side, free from the restriction, imposed by rebel fears only of loss of property or of social danger. Organized into regiments, these negroes are subjected to strict discipline, and are under the same regulations and restrictions that white soldiers are. Their fighting by the side of the white regiments and in the same way, entirely divests them of any of the characteristics of a brutal, unsurrectionary mob, filled with lust and revenge, and seeking plunder and outrage upon the defenceless. They are properly subordinated regiments, acting under recognized authority and subjected to all the usual rules of war and to severe penalties for violating them. In all respects, therefore, except in matter of color, they are the same as any other troops employed, and entitled to the same protection when they fall into the enemy's hands. The fact that their presence and example are fatal to the stability of one of the most cherished social institutions of the South, can make such difference in the established rules of warfare as to restrict our Government in the exercise of its rights as a belligerent, provided its purpose is legitimately military and political. The rebellion is fatal to the stability of political and social freedom in the North, if it should prove successful; but that fact does not alter the relations or diminish the right of those taken prisoners, to be humanely treated and to be properly exchanged, though all bearing the brand of traitors in arms against the lawful Government. They are recognized as prisoners of war, and entitled to all the privileges that war under civilized rules accords to them, and so are the colored troops and their officers.

If these are treated differently, retaliation necessarily ensues, and a war of retaliation must ultimately degenerate into bloody, barbarous and indiscriminate slaughter. General Burnside has already threatened that if two of his officers are executed in retaliation for the execution in his department of two rebels as spies, that he will hang every rebel officer in his hands. General Hunter goes still further, and threatens unless Davis revokes his retaliatory law he will "execute every white officer and every rebel slaveholder in his possession." The fury of fanaticism may find gratification in such extremes as these, but no well balanced mind and no civilized nation can encourage such savage excesses. It has been intimated shrewdly that the rebels, in the course they are pursuing, mean to impose a new rule of warfare upon all nations, which, if they can get recognized by the Christian world, they will have made slavery a formidable ally and a formidable enemy, and secure themselves from any interference with their institutions from any quarter. But a rule which will require such bloody instructions to enforce it, is not likely to be received so universally, and its initiation will certainly provoke consequences scarcely yet foreseen.

RESULTS OF BLOCKADE RUNNING.

Our English mercantile friends, (who are so loud in their outcries against the "outrages" committed by our naval forces against British commerce, in overhauling suspicious vessels, at the same time that these merchants have been doing their utmost to violate the neutrality of their government by running our blockade), took great delight in their work at first, because it promised them such inordinate profits, and profits, to them, settled at once the morality and lawfulness of their conduct. All, however, is not gold that glitters, and two years of repeated violation of neutrality and assistance to rebellion has brought its own punishment. What was clear profit at first, has, by the vigilance of our blockade fleet, became alarming loss, and the blockade runners instead of retiring with a fortune in a few years from their illegal traffic, find themselves in the bankrupt court. The case of Pilkington Brothers, Liverpool, is an exemplary one in its results. Their failure is for more than two hundred thousand dollars, the excess of debts over assets amounting to £41,128. Among the ventures by which this firm became bankrupt is one of drugs shipped to the South but seized, by our naval vessels, and now in the prize court. One-third share or eight cargoes for the same destination, a joint adventure in which one of the other partners is also a bankrupt, some of which got safely in, and some seized, enough to send these ruined men into the insolvent court, no doubt ruining smaller mercantile houses who knew nothing of the gambling transactions they were engaged in. The morality of the proceeding in its consequences to innocent and honest partners, to say nothing of the discredit and the complications likely to arise to the British Government, must commend itself singularly to the virtuous Brittish mind, which is so apt to read homilies of honesty and neutrality to the rest of the world. As a further retribution of the wrongs committed against us by these unscrupulous merchants, the pirate Alabama in destroying three American vessels and their cargoes, burnt up the property of British owners, for the cargoes belonged entirely to British subjects.

THE RANDALL STEAMSHIP SCHEME.

This scheme to get the city to do what merchants themselves are afraid of, or have so little confidence in as not to warrant them in expending their money for, has been met with a second veto from the Mayor, the same reasons nearly guiding him in his disapproval of fastening an undertaking of this character, which belongs to private and not to corporative enterprise, upon the property owners of the city for years. After such marked condemnation from the Mayor, and the total absence of any general desire of the tax-payers to have the public money diverted from its legitimate objects, will Councils persist in pressing the scheme as a public measure? What right have they over the public treasury, that they can jeopard $100,000 annually for five years in an undertaking which may never pay back one cent, and which, managed from under the control of Councils, may be squandered, nobody knows how, without ever realizing the object intended? Such legislation as this is certainly not within the legitimate functions of the Councils, and their persistance in pushing forward a scheme which those only approve of who will not spend their own money in it, creates strong and reasonable doubts that the motives which govern the members are not so exclusively public as to signally merit the commendation and approval of their constituents.

ENCOURAGING ENLISTMENTS.—In October next, the people of Rhode Island will vote on a proposed amendment to their State Constitution, which provides that all alien residents of the State who have enlisted or volunteered, or who may enlist or volunteer in any of the regiments of Rhode Island, and shall be honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now, or may become naturalized citizens of the United States, shall be admitted to vote at all elections in the State on the same terms as native born citizens.

THE GERMAN TROOPS in the Eleventh Army Corps of the Potomac, are to be removed to General Heintzelman's command, near Washington, in exchange for an equal number of American soldiers now forming part of the force under that officer. This order seems to indicate a distrust of the German soldiers of this corps, which may be traced to their unfortunate conduct in the face of the foe, at one of the late battles near Chancellorsville.

A PRINCE IN OUR NAVY.—One of the sons of the Prince de Joinville, who has just graduated at our Naval Academy and who was on General McClellan's staff during the battles on the Peninsula, has applied for the commission of Ensign, and desires immediate active service.

TEXAS AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC.—News from the South states that Sam Houston will run as a candidate for the Governorship of Texas, with a view to restore that State to its condition as an independent republic. So, secession is thus early producing its natural fruit in the South.

FROM VICKSBURG.

Burning of the Gunboat Cincinnati.

Capture of a Despatch from Pemberton.

FORAGE ALL GONE.

AMMUNITION NEARLY EXHAUSTED.

OUR MILITARY PROGRESS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—The events in progress on the Mississippi are the culminating ones of the war. Each belligerent feels the importance of that river to its own success, and each seems determined to try the issue of successful or defeated rebellion upon that ground. The rebel policy is to hold Vicksburg and Port Hudson at all hazard, even if other places hitherto defended obstinately should fall into our hands. They are undoubtedly moving forward to those points all the troops they can muster, and still keep up a show of defence at other points. It is not unlikely that while making a show of advancing on Tennessee and Virginia, that they are sending off large columns of their southwestern army to reinforce Johnston, and quietly detaching troops from the army at Virginia to replace those taken from Bragg. All the Southern cities on the coast are known to have sent similar contributions from their garrisons. This transfer of troops from one position to another has always been the advantage possessed by the rebel armies, and the means whereby they could mass at any point threatened a large force for resistance, their internal communications, undisturbed by the progress of the war, enabled them to do it effectually without much danger to any defensive position. Now, however, the case is different. They are less able now to transport troops rapidly over their railroads, for some of their most important lines have been injured to such an extent that they are not serviceable, and the means of transportation are growing more and more deficient by the wearing out of the cars and the destruction of locomotives. The continual shifting of troops now, where the difficulties of the undertaking are so greatly increased, afford a strong presumption that the number in their armies is not so large as has been represented. When men will be sent from four to five hundred miles, and much of that distance to march on foot over a broken country, with insufficient wagons to transport their baggage, stores and ammunition, into the presence of enemies' armies well provisioned and with river communication for all their supplies, the insufficiency of their numbers for the great contest they are engaged in, and their perilous situation, must be apparent. Still, by managing the forces they have judiciously, they may be able to retain their hold upon the Mississippi. The success of our movements there will be determined by the fact, which of the belligerents can bring the most troops into the field. Vicksburg and Port Hudson can be defended, as is shown, by 15,000 to 20,000 men. These will require, respectively, in the attacking forces, at least double that number, merely to conduct the siege successfully. If, in addition to these, Banks and Grant are both assailed by as large an army in their rear, it will be impossible for them to hold their positions. If the two armies of Banks and Grant had at once united their forces at Vicksburg, it seems impossible that place could have held out till Johnston had force enough to relieve it. Banks has invested Port Hudson completely. He has made an assault also upon the enemy's line of entrenchments, and after a sanguinary contest, has succeeded in taking one of their principal batteries. The assault was a daring and impetuous one, but was not so decided in its result as to augur certain victory from it. He sustained considerable loss, and one of the colored regiments was nearly annihilated. At the last accounts he was receiving reinforcements. The rebel General, Kirby Smith, with about 12,000 men, has crossed from Louisiana, it is reported, to aid the beleagued garrison at Port Hudson, and it seems likely that Banks will have, like Grant, an army threatening his rear. One thing at a time is a very good rule, which will apply as well to military as to civil matters. Two simultaneous sieges on the Mississippi may be too many irons in the fire at one time.

GEN. BANKS' INVESTMENT OF PORT HUDSON.—Rebel sources of intelligence admit that Banks has entirely invested Port Hudson, and at New Orleans the feeling is general that he will capture the place. When this occurs, the cotton which has been captured in the neighborhood of Alexandria may be sent down the river to New Orleans with safety, and large quantities of it are said to have been secured. Gen. Banks' entire command, which invested Port Hudson, numbered between twenty and twenty-five thousand. The rebel garrison is supposed to be about five thousand strong. The defences of the place against a river attack are almost impregnable from their mere position. Five or six forts would have to be taken on the sides from which the Union forces advanced upon the place. But it was thought by good judges that no siege would be required, and the forts could be captured by an impetuous assault.

MOVEMENT IN HOOKER'S ARMY.—The report of Saturday, that the army was crossing the Rappahannock again, is confirmed, so far that a part of the Sixth Army Corps had crossed over at the lower ford, below Fredericksburg, on a reconnoissance, and had had some skirmishing with the rebels, taking one hundred prisoners. The object of the crossing was to find out where the rebel army is, what forces have been sent away, and what direction they have taken. The information, it is said, was satisfactory on these points. If much of Lee's army has gone west, or is concentrating to strike north, the army of the Potomac will soon have work before it again. A close watch is evidently kept upon Lee, and he requires all Hooker's vigilance.

The Latest from Vicksburg.

CHICAGO, June 6.—A special despatch from Chickasaw Bayou, dated June 1st, says:

There is no important change to report. Gen. Logan has planted heavy siege guns within 100 yards of the rebel works, and has constructed a covered way from behind the high hill, through which the gunners pass to and fro with little danger.

A bearer of despatches from Pemberton to Johnson left the rebel lines on Thursday last, and coming directly to General Grant's headquarters, communicated the contents to Gen. Grant.

It is reported from Helena, Arkansas, that the country between White River and St. Francis is patrolled by guerrilla bands, numbering from six hundred to seven hundred men, under Dobbins. The guerrillas are extremely enterprising, and extend their operations to a point almost within sight of Helena.

Gen Price has removed his entire force from Little Rock to Fort Smith, leaving behind but a single regiment. Marmaduke was at Jacksonport, Arkansas.

CINCINNATI, June 6.—Advices from Vicksburg to June 2d, contain no particular news. General Grant is able to press the siege and take care of Johnston, who is posted still at Jackson. His reported march on Memphis is not confirmed. Our siege guns are close on the enemy's works, and are playing vigorously on them and the town. On the 1st instant, the rebels shot three hundred horses on the river bank being unable to feed them. General Blair is up the Yazoo. Important news is expected from him.

CINCINNATI, June 7.—The Adams Express Company have advices from their Superintendent at Memphis to the 3d inst.

The rebels burned the wreck of the gunboat Cincinnati on Friday.

A bearer of despatches from Pemberton to Johnston, was captured on Thursday. The despatch reads:—"Forage all gone—men on quarter rations, can hold out ten days."

On Friday, Gen Grant ordered every gun in position to throw shell into Vicksburg. In one hour 3600 were safely lodged in the city. The effect is not known.

THE FIRE IN VICKSBURG—ONE SIDE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE BURNED.

CAIRO, June 7.—A steamer from the Yazoo has arrived with dates to Wednesday last. The rebels have burned the upper works of the gunboat Cincinnati.

The fire in Vicksburg on Monday night was caused by the explosion of our shells. One whole side of Washington Square was destroyed.

The planting of the siege guns is progressing, and it was the intention to open along the whole line on Wednesday.

Our lines have been drawn in so close, that in many places the armies are within speaking distance.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—The Government tonight received official advices from Vicksburg to the 3d inst. The despatch, while stating that the siege was continued, makes no mention of events of startling importance.

Secretary Walker has returned from the West.

The Latest Rebel Reports from Vicksburg.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—The Richmond papers of the 5th contain the following:

JACKSON, June 3.—The result of the siege of Vicksburg, thus far, is very encouraging to our side. The enemy has been repulsed in every attempt to storm the works. Gen. Grant must be compelled to raise the siege in a few days. Another storming of the works is looked for within the next forty-eight hours.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS FROM RICHMOND PAPERS OF SATURDAY.

FORTRESS MONROE, June 6.—(By Telegraph)—The Richmond Despatch, of this morning, has been received. It contains the following despatches:

JACKSON, MISS., June 3.—All was quiet at Vicksburg, yesterday, and no firing was heard.

Grant is evidently making preparations for a movement in some direction.

JACKSON, MISS, June 4.—A courier who has just arrived here, reports that General Kirby Smith crossed to Port Hudson on Sunday.

The gunboats made a furious assault on Sunday. One of our (the rebels) steamers was sunk, drowning seventy men. No doubts are felt in regard to the result.

Interesting details of the fight on Thursday, at Vicksburg, are coming in.

General Grant used cotton bales for moveable breastworks in the attack. General Pember on mounted 200-pounders and directed the fire at the cotton-bales, mowing down whole platoons of the enemy. Our entire loss in the action of Baker's Creek does not exceed 500.

Confidence in General Pemberton, since his answer to Grant's demand for a surrender, has been finally restored.

No fears are felt as to the result, either at Vicksburg or Port Hudson.

JACKSON, June 4, P. M.—Heavy firing in the direction of Vicksburg has been heard all day, but no reliable advices have been received from that quarter since Sunday. The weather is cloudy, and a slight rain is falling.

CHARLESTON, June 4.—An official despatch from Gen. W. S. Walker, at Pocotaligo S. C., reports that the enemy fired the town of Bluffton to day. Our forces engaged them, and prevented a further advance.

A later despatch, from Lieut. Col. Johnson to Gen. Walker, says: "We are now in Bluffton, which place is in flames. The enemy has retired. No one was hurt on our side."

In the raid on the Combahee, the enemy carried away about a thousand negroes, and destroyed nearly a million dollars' worth of property.

MOBILE, June 4.—Refugees who have arrived at Pascagoula report another brilliant victory at Port Hudson.

The news from the Southwest continues to be of the most cheering character. Nobly has Gen. Pemberton vindicated the confidence placed in him by President Davis. From all accounts, the defence of Vicksburg is the most glorious episode in the already crowded annals of our military history. The hecatombs of Yankees attest the valor of our troops, and the skill and success with which they have been handled. In the attack the heroic garrison has immortalized itself. The Yankees give up the attempt to take the city by storm, and now talk of a regular siege—a plan with which Gen. Johnston may possibly interfere.

The telegraph also brings the report of a brilliant victory gained by Kirby Smith over Gen. Banks at Port Hudson. We have every reason to believe that this news will be confirmed.

With Grant's army all but annihilated by the terrible execution of our musketry and artillery at Vicksburg, and Banks' strategical movements suddenly cut short at Port Hudson, the great campaign of the West, from which so much was expected by the enemy, bids fair to prove by far the most disastrous and gigantic of this war.

The Richmond Enquirer says, information had been received through a courier that Kirby Smith had crossed the Mississippi and with reinforcements had joined his friends at Port Hudson, but that while his forces were crossing over, our (the Union) gunboats sunk one of their steamboats, thus causing a loss to the rebels of seven hundred men. But little reliance is placed in the truth of these reports for the reason that it is not believed the rebels have a steamboat on the Mississippi, and if they had, our gunboats would not have permitted them to land the troops.

WASHINGTON. June 6.—Despatches were received to-night from the Richmond papers of to-day. Those who have read them, say the rebels are exulting in what they allege to be great losses on the part of Grant's army. The papers, for several days, have been continually increasing the number, evidently depending upon fancy rather than fact.

Gen. Pemberton's Address to his Army.

On the 12th, Gen. Pemberton issued the following address to his army at Vicksburg:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF EAST MISSISSIPPI AND LOUISIANA, VICKSBURG, May 12, 1863.

Soldiers of the Army in and around Vicksburg:—The hour of trial has come! The enemy who has so long threatened Vicksburg in front, has at last effected a landing in this Department, and his march into the interior of Mississippi has been marked by the devastation of one of the fairest portions of the State! He seeks to break communication between the members of the Confederacy and to control the navigation of the Mississippi river! The issue involves everything endeared to a free people! The enemy fights for the privilege of plunder and oppression! You fight for your country, homes, wives, children and the birthrights of freemen! Your Commanding General, believing in the truth and sacredness of this cause, has cast his lot with you, and stands ready to peril his life and all he holds dear for the triumph of the right! God, who rules in the affairs of men and nations, loves justice and hates wickedness. He will not allow a cause so just to be trampled in the dust. In the day of conflict let each man, appealing to Him for strength, strike home for victory, and our triumph is at once assured. A grateful country will hail us as deliverers, and cherish the memory of those who may fall as martyrs in her defence.

Soldiers! be vigilant, brave and active; let there be no cowards, nor laggards, nor stragglers from the ranks, and the God of battles will certainly crown our efforts with success.

J. C. PEMBERTON, Lieut. Gen. Com'dg.

A Reconnoissance Across the Rappahannock.

RIVER CROSSED AT DEEP RUN.

RIFLE PITS CARRIED.

FORTY REBELS CAPTURED.

Gen. Longstreet Occupies Fredericksburg.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—[Special to the New York Herald.]—The Second Division of the Sixth Army Corps crossed the Rappahannock at noon yesterday on pontoon bridges, laid by a detachment of the Engineer Corps. The object was a reconnoissance in force, to ascertain the motives and position of the enemy.

The rebel sharpshooters made some opposition to the placing of the pontoons, but this was quickly overcome, although we lost one or two men in the operation.

After the division had crossed, there was considerable skirmishing and the rifle pits occupied by the rebel riflemen were finally carried, and some thirty or forty prisoners captured.

Among the killed was Captain Cross, of the Fiftieth New York.

The rebels still hold Fredericksburg. General Longstreet is there and shows a strong front at the upper fords of the Rappahannock. It is believed that a large part of the rebel force have gone in the direction of Gordonsville, but with what intention can only be surmised.

Our army is in good spirits and ready for a move forward at an hour's notice.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, June 6.—[Special to the New York Times.]—Yesterday, at noon, very unexpectedly to everybody, the engineer brigade was ordered to the Rappahannock with pontoon bridges, and ordered to proceed with the construction of two bridges across the river at the point known as Franklin's crossing, below the mouth of Deep run, and one mile below Fredericksburg. The batteries from the Sixth corps, under charge of Colonel Tomphins, were likewise ordered to cover the engineers in their work, and Howe's division of infantry was ordered to the spot to support the engineers and push across as soon as the bridges were laid.

The only rebel force visible was a double line of pickets who lounged about very innocently watching our operations closely. About five o'clock the engineers commenced unloading the pontoons, whereupon the rebels slipped into their rifle pits and began picking off our men. Our artillery, 20 guns or more, immediately opened with shell, and for two hours kept up a vigorous cannonade, with but little effect however upon the sharpshooters. It became necessary to storm the rifle pits, and at half-past six o'clock, the 26th New York, Col. Morrison, of Col. Grant's brigade, was ordered into the boats. They at once pushed across under a severe fire, and landing on the opposite side rushed upon the rifle pits with cheers. The rebels vacated and ran. Our men instantly deployed as skirmishers and in a short time some of the 62d Florida were brought in as prisoners. Other regiments of the Vermont brigade soon followed in boats until nearly the whole of two brigades were over. As soon as the firing ceased the engineers began the work on the bridges, and at 9 P. M. had one completed, and the remainder of Howe's division passed over. Our casualties were 5 killed and 25 wounded.

Our forces advanced cautiously across the plain, deploying skirmishers very handsomely, the right resting on Deep Run, and the left in the vicinity of the Bernard House. By dark they had reached the Bowling Green road, and posted pickets for the night well out towards the foot of the timbered crests on which the enemy have their strong entrenchments. The rebels were not discovered in force last night, though the prisoners stated that we should soon meet them if we kept on advancing. This morning enough has been ascertained to locate the greater portion of the enemy's force.

We took nearly 100 prisoners, including one Major.

Our crossing took the enemy greatly by surprise.

During the night Gen. Lee marched two corps back from the vicinity of Salem Church to a position in front of our lines.

Gen. Longstreet's corps has reinforced the troops in Fredericksburg and slept there last night. This morning they moved in a southerly direction. By this bold movement we have demonstrated to a certainty what became of the enemy, besides divining his purposes.

Our men behaved most gallantly, cheering as they crossed for the third time this historic river. The movement has thrilled the army with excitement and impatience.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—There is still much uncertainty with reference to the land and naval commands in the Department of South Carolina. Admiral Foote's appointment as the successor of Dupont has been repeated several times; and yet, up to the present hour, nothing reliable is known concerning it. So, too, of Gen. Hunter. His recall, and the appointment of Gen. Gilmore in his place, has been positively stated, and as positively denied; and yet, after all, the first report is likely to prove correct.

The movements of the rebel army of Virginia are becoming more and more mysterious. Fredericksburg has been entirely evacuated by the garrison located there, and this forenoon it was reported there was not a solitary rebel to be seen on the line of the Rappahannock. The army has, therefore, evidently fled, but whither? Or is the withdrawal only a ruse, to get our forces over the river again, and then rush suddenly upon and destroy them? We have already taken possession of the deserted town, and reconnoitering parties have doubtless ere this been sent out to ascertain what the rebels are driving at. It seems scarcely possible that another week can elapse without some most important developments on the part of the rebels; but whether they will involve an engagement with our own forces remains to be seen.

From Gen. Rosecran's Army.

MURFREESBORO', June 7.—Col. Wilder has returned from another highly successful expedition of his mounted infantry to Liberty. He broke up a band of guerrillas, capturing all their horses, and 62 prisoners.

Deserters represent that the Mississippi troops in Bragg's army are in a state of mutiny. The 41st regiment, Col. Tucker, have been under heavy guard for several days.

Portions of Breckinridge's and McKoun's divisions, reported as having gone to Mississippi, are still on our front.

Heavy firing has been heard in the direction of Triune, but the cause is not explained.

A New Military Department.

LOCOMOTIVE EXPLOSION.

CINCINNATI, June 7.—Indiana and Michigan have been formed into a military district, and Gen O B Wilcox is to be in command.

A locomotive exploded at Nicholasville, Kentucky, yesterday, killing five soldiers and wounding twelve.

ATTACK UPON PORT HUDSON.

THE FIGHT STILL GOING ON AT LATEST ADVICES.

Bravery and Heavy Losses of the Negro Troops.

By the arrival of the steamer Morning Star, we have news from New Orleans to the 29th ult, with important intelligence from Port Hudson.

In the Department of the Gulf the whole interest in military affairs centered on Port Hudson, which was completely invested by the Union forces. General Banks commanded in person a force supposed to be sufficient for its reduction. The enemy's strength within the defences is estimated at from ten to twelve thousand. Fighting was still going on at the date of the departure of the Morning Star.

THE ATTACK UPON PORT HUDSON.

The attack of our forces upon Port Hudson began on the 27th ult., and the fighting was furious. The line of investment was as follows: The extreme right was commanded by General Weitzel, with his own division and that of General Emory; the right centre by General Grover; the left centre by General Augur, and the extreme left by Gen. J. W Sherman—our artillery brigade being under command of Gen. Arnold. The defences of Port Hudson on the land face consist of several lines of intrenchments and rifle pits, with an abbatis of heavy trees felled in every direction. It was arranged with Admiral Farragut that the attack should be general, by land and water at the same time, and signals were established between the army and navy in order to prevent the shot and shell from our ships from being thrown over the enemy and into the lines of our attacking force.

WEITZEL'S ATTACK ON THE ENEMY'S LEFT.

The plan (says the correspondent of the Herald) appears to have been to carry the enemy's positions on the right and left first, and this work consequently devolved upon the divisions of Generals Weitzel and Sherman. It was not long after the advance was sounded, that our troops met those of the enemy, and it soon became evident that every foot of ground we gained was to be fought for with determination. The fight soon commenced along the entire line. On the right, the sharp rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery gave notice that Weitzel was at work, and as it increased in intensity, it became evident that he was having no boy's play, and he had not. Every inch was disputed; the enemy fought with the ferocity of demons, but it was to no purpose; our boys drove them slowly, but steadily, using clubbed muskets and bayonets when they could not load.

General Weitzel, keeping his men well in hand for the last rush, put them at the enemy's works on the river side, and they went on with a will, making the air resound with their shouts. Here the fight became murderous; it was hand to hand and breast to breast, the bayonet doing the main part of the work. The rebels could not stand it, however, and were compelled to fall back. Our people pressed them close, allowing no space to be created between the attacked and the attacker, and finally drove them into and out of the celebrated six-gun battery that did such terrible execution upon the steamer Mississippi the night she was destroyed.

Here was a great point gained—a point that we could use to advantage against the other works of the enemy. And it did not take long for the quick eye of Weitzel to see all this and profit by it. As soon as practicable the guns were shifted and put to work, and were busy at last accounts in throwing shot and shell into and against the position of their late owners. This was decidedly the most brilliant and successful part of the day's work; not that the men fought any better, or showed more determination than those on other parts of the field, but it was the greatest point gained and proved what we could do when resolved to accomplish certain ends. By this operation the *enemy's left was turned*, and in a manner to prevent the lost ground being recovered. The battery captured was the most annoying of any of the line, for it raked completely the channel-way of the river.

SHERMAN'S ATTACK UPON THE ENEMY'S RIGHT.

No more desperate fighting has ever taken place than of the division of General Sherman in the attack upon the right of the enemy's position. Our men faced the storm of iron and lead that was hurled against them as if it had always been their business to do so. They moved steadily forward under the most murderous fire of shot, shell, grape, canister and musketry, with a steadiness that was surprising.

BRAVERY OF OUR NEGRO TROOPS.

The second regiment Louisiana Native Guard, Colonel Neilson, were in the charge upon the enemy's works. They went on in the advance, and when they came out six out of nine hundred men could not be accounted for. It is said on every side that they fought with the desperation of tigers. One negro was observed with a rebel soldier in his grasp, tearing the flesh from his face with his teeth, other weapons having failed him. There are other incidents connected with the conduct of this regiment that have raised them very much in my opinion as soldiers. After firing one volley they did not deign to load again, but went in with bayonets, and wherever they had a chance it was all up with the rebels.

GENS. SHERMAN AND NEAL DOW WOUNDED.

Although we gained much ground, and hold it, still the principal object of this attack was not accomplished, namely, getting possession of and holding batteries on the enemy's right. It was owing to some misunderstanding. The charge cost us heavily in killed and wounded. General Sherman led the attack in person, and fell severely wounded in the leg. General Neal Dow was also wounded. Colonel Clarke, of the Sixth Michigan, was killed. Col. Cowles, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, also, by a bayonet thrust. Lieutenant Colonel Smith, of the Zouaves, severely wounded. The Sixth Michigan and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York have each lost about half their effective men, and the other regiments have suffered severely.

THE ATTACK BY AUGER AND GROVER ON THE CENTRE.

The attack on the centre of the enemy's position by the columns of Generals Augur and Grover, also exhibited the most terrible fighting and the same obstinate resistance. Our troops here, as well as on the right and left, did all that men could do, and held every inch of ground they gained. The enemy were driven foot by foot out of their rifle pits and intrenchments into their main works, from which they will never come out except as prisoners of war.

The lower battery at Port Hudson had been abandoned some days since, and the heavy guns spiked, as the position was too much exposed to the fire of our mortars and the broadsides of the heavy ships. Between it and the other works there is a ravine, which also helped to necessitate the abandonment of that work, on account of their concentrating all their available force in the main position.

THE NAVAL ATTACK.

It must not be supposed that while the army was doing all this desperate fighting on shore the navy was idle; on the contrary, the gallant Admiral was at work with the entire squadron both above and below. The gunboats moved their position much nearer the enemy's works, and kept up a continuous fire of thirteen-inch shell. The Hartford and Albatross engaged the upper batteries, and when General Weitzel captured the six gun battery before referred to, they moved further down and supported him by attacking the next below. Admiral Farragut, on the Monongahela, followed by the Richmond, Genessee and Essex, engaged the lower works, and in a most effective manner. The Monongahela was worked to the admiration of every one. The fire of the enemy upon the ships was comparatively light, they directed it principally at the Monongahela, but failed to hit her. The Richmond was equally fortunate, and there was not a casualty to record in the fleet up to six o'clock last evening. The fleet was engaged in the morning, and again in the afternoon, and succeeded in dismounting five of the enemy's heaviest guns.

The following is a partial list of our officers killed and wounded in the assault:

Gen. T. W. Sherman, seriously.
Gen Neal Dow, slightly.
Col. D. S. Cowles, killed.
Col. Payne, 2d Louisiana, killed.
Col. Kingsley, 26th Conn., jaw, severely.
Col. Kingman, 15th N. Hamp., slightly.
Lieut. Col. Abel Smith, 165th N.Y., seriously.
Maj. Governeur Carr, of New York, badly.
Maj. Haffkie, Engineer, killed.
Capt. Badeau, Gen. Sherman's staff, serious.
Capt. Gould H. Thorpe, 165th N.Y., shoulder.
Capt. H. C. Inwood, do., slightly.
Capt E. Gifford, 128th N.Y., missing.
Capt. A. Derwint, do., killed.
Lieut. Chas R. Carville, 165th N.Y., killed.
Lieut J. Armstrong, 128th N. Y., killed.
Lieut F. Wilkeson, 128th N. Y., killed.
—— Clark, 6th Mich., killed.
Serg. C. Van Hyck, 128th N. Y., killed.

The Expedition up the Yazoo.

EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS—IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF REBEL PROPERTY.

MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, FLAG SHIP BLACK HAWK, near Vicksburg, May 24th, 1863.

SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that the expedition I sent up the Yazoo river the day after I took possession of the forts on Snyder's Bluff, have returned, having met with perfect success.

As the steamers approached Yazoo city, the rebel property was fired by Lieut. Brown, of the ram Arkansas, and what he had begun our forces finished. Three powerful rams were burned—the Mobile, a screw vessel, ready for plating; the Republic, being fitted for a ram with railroad iron plating, and a vessel on the stocks, a monster, 310 feet long and 75 feet beam. This vessel was to have been covered with four and a-half inch iron plating, and was to have had six engines, four side-wheels and the propeller. She would have given us much trouble.

The rebels had under construction a fine Navy Yard, containing a fine sawing and planing machine and an extensive machine shop, carpenter and blacksmith shops, and all the necessary appliances for a large building and repairing yard. Lieut. Commanding Walker burned all these, with a large quantity of valuable building timber. He also burned a large saw mill that had been used in constructing the monster ram.

The material destroyed, at a moderate estimate, cost more than two millions of dollars. We had one man killed and seven wounded by field pieces from the enemies' batteries, received while going up the river. Our wounded are doing well.

I enclose Lieut Commander Walker's report in relation to this affair. He deserves much credit for the handsome manner in which he performed the duty assigned him If he could have obtained pilots he would have succeeded in getting possession of all the rebel rams, instead of having them burned.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
DAVID D. PORTER

To Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy

The following is the report of Lieutenant Commander Walker, addressed to Rear Admiral Porter, and accompanying the latter's report to the Department:

U. S. STEAMER BARON DE KALB, MOUTH OF THE YAZOO RIVER, May 23, '63.

I have the honor to report that, in obedience to your order, I started from Snyder's Bluff on the 20th instant, with the De Kalb, Choctaw, Forest Rose, Linden and Petrel, on an expedition to Yazoo City.

Arriving at Haines' Bluff I landed a force and spiked an 8-inch gun in the works there, and burned the carriages. I also burned some fifty tents which were left standing, and a steam saw mill.

Arriving at Yazoo City at 1 P. M., on the 13th inst., I was met by a committee of citizens, who informed me that the place had been evacuated by the military authorities, and asked protection. The navy yard and vessels had been fired by the enemy, and I sent a working party to ensure the destruction of everything valuable to the rebels. The vessels burned are the Mobile, a screw vessel ready for her planking; the Republic, which was being fitted out for a ram, and a vessel on the stocks, a monster, 310 feet long and 70 feet beam. The navy yard contained five saw and planing mills, an extensive machine shop, carpenter and blacksmith shops, and all the necessary fixtures for a large building and repairing yard, which, with a very large quantity of lumber, were burned. I also burned a large saw mill above the town.

Most of the public stores had been removed, which, as I learned in the town, were taken on board the vessels or destroyed. Enclosed I send a list of the articles removed or destroyed by Acting Volunteer Lieut. Brown, the officer detailed for that purpose. In the hospitals I paroled 115 soldiers, a list of whom I enclose.

Returning, I left Yazoo City this morning, arriving here at 4 o'clock P. M. At Liverpool Landing, in a sharp bend of the river, we were attacked by a force of field guns and about 200 riflemen concealed in bushes and for a few minutes the firing was very sharp. The enemy retreated as soon as the vessels got into position to use their guns with effect. The Petrel, Linden and Choctaw were struck by shot, but with no particular injury to either. Sergeant Stockinger, of this vessel, was killed by a rifle shot. The Linden had five wounded, the Petrel two, and the Choctaw one. Most of the wounds, I am happy to say, are slight.

Rebel Account of the Destruction of Jackson, Miss.

DAMAGE ESTIMATED AT FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

In order to ascertain the amount of damage done by General Grant's troops during their forty-eight hours' occupation of the city of Jackson, the editor of the Brandon (Miss.) Republican went over and took a careful survey of the place, and gives below the result of his observations. The following buildings were burned:

Green's cotton factory, together with all the machinery, three hundred bales of cotton, and all the buildings connected with the factory; Phillips' factory, and all the small buildings connected therewith; J. A. Stevens' foundry; Bailey's cotton shed, containing a large quantity of tar, lime, cement, &c; Catholic Church and parsonage; Mrs. Bakewell's house and contents; Confederate house, together with furniture, &c; railroad depot, and all the buildings immediately west and south of the same; State Penitentiary, with all the machinery; flouring mill near Phillips' factory; all the houses on State street, from Shaw's store to Graves' corner, including Green's banking house; Ambrozier's grocery, Allen & Logan's store, and Grave's large brick building, with a number of small intervening houses; all the houses on the south side of Pearl street, from State street to the Mississippi Baptist office, including the Confederate Quartermaster's office; a number of sheds and warehouses, near the old depot of the Southern Railroad, containing an immense quantity of cotton, sugar, molasses, and a quantity of old cars, belonging to both railroads; all the houses in front of the City Hall and market house, except Mrs. Sanders' boarding house and one or two small shops; Helmley's hat factory, Robinson's warehouse General Freeman's dwelling house, all the buildings belonging to the fair ground; rope factory and saltpetre works; the railroad and city bridges across Pearl river, and all the bridges and trestle work on the Southern railroad for several miles; all shops in which Government work was being carried on. All the stores in the city were pillaged, their contents either carried off or thrown in the streets and burned. The Mississippian office was broken open, the type thrown in the street and the presses and furniture broken up. The post-office was rifled of its contents. The Governor's mansion was broken open and pianos and furniture destroyed.

The Episcopal church was entered and the whole interior defaced. Nearly all the private residences were entered and trunks broken open, fine dresses torn to pieces, and the jewelry, silver ware and provisions taken. Dr. Knapp's office was broken open, his dental instruments carried off and his furniture destroyed. Capt. L. Julien's bookstore and bindery were destroyed. J. W. Gray's & Co's drug store was partially destroyed. Joseph Morgridge was an extensive sufferer by the depredations of the vandals. H. Verden's loss in sugar, molasses, &c., is estimated at $200,000. D. W. Besick lost heavily in his tobacco and commission store Allen & Ligon lost all their books, papers, money and merchandise. Dr. S. C. Barrar lost his horses and mules. J. M Rawlins lost his carriage and carriage horses. Almost every horse, mule, cow and hog in the city was taken. Watches and breastpins were forcibly taken from gentlemen on the street. Negroes, from three to five hundred were taken from the city and the adjacent country, and as inducements for them to go they were promised commissions in the federal army, and about one hundred of them were armed before they left the city.

Intelligent gentlemen estimate the total loss of property in the city at five millions of dollars.

On Friday morning a squadron of cavalry came over to Rankin and tore up the railroad about four miles, and a few rails at other places to within a few miles of Brandon. They ransacked the private dwellings for arms and ammunition, taking away a few negroes, horses and mules. Among the chief sufferers in the raid were Mrs. S. M. Hamilton, fourteen negroes; Austin Neely, fourteen negroes; A. J. Neely, six negroes; A. P. Miller, four negroes; G. W. Rains, two negroes; General P. Henry, one negro and three horses, &c.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

FREMONT AND THE COLORED TROOPS.—The Tribune's Washington Correspondent says:

A committee from New York, originating in Dr. Cheever's Church, and endorsed by such men as Horace Greely, George Opdyke, Wm. Cullen Bryant, and Daniel S. Dickinson, are here to request the Government to give a command to Gen. Fremont, at some point where he can rally around him the colored men of the country. Yesterday, at 10 o'clock, they were presented, by Senator Sumner, to the President, with whom was Secretary Chase.

The President declared that he would gladly receive into the service, not ten thousand, but ten times ten thousand colored troops; expressed his determination to protect all who enlisted, and said that he looked to them for essential service in finishing the war. He believed that the command of them afforded scope for the highest ambition, and he would, with all his heart, offer it to General Fremont.

The committee were profoundly impressed by the earnestness of the President, and his determination to employ all within his reach, to the suppression of the rebellion. They have another interview, by special appointment, at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

BURNING OF AN OIL TRAIN.—A train of truck cars on the Pennsylvania road, laden with Petroleum, was ignited by a spark from the locomotive on last Thursday night, somewhere near Kittanning Point, on the mountains. In a few minutes four of the cars were in flames. The rest of the train was cut loose and saved. The heat of the fire was so intense and consuming that the cross-ties of the track on which the cars stood, and also the track adjoining, were burned through, and the rails so warped as to render it difficult for trains to pass. The axles of the cars were melted down until they almost touched the road bed, and the wheels were bent inward.

SPECULATING ON THE GOVERNMENT.—For several weeks past, the business of selling cast-off horses to the Government, has been unusually large, and the purchasing of them on speculation, by private individuals, has become an organized employment. One single individual recently bought a small drove for one thousand dollars. The adventures of one of these horses is worth recording. It was purchased about two months ago for three dollars and a half, was subsequently sold to a trader for eighty dollars, and finally re sold to the Government for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

THE HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, Vice President of the United States, has received a draft on London for a sum which amounts in our currency to over six hundred dollars, given as a free will offering to the cause of emancipation by the colored women of the British colony of Victoria, to be applied to the benefit of the freedmen at and about Beaufort, S. C.

MARRIAGE OF EX GOVERNOR SPRAGUE.—The Newport News, (R. I.), is reliably informed that the Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese of Rhode Island will visit the city of Washington, in a few days, for the purpose of uniting in the bonds of matrimony, Ex Governor Sprague, now U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, and Miss Kate Chase, eldest daughter of the Secretary of the treasury.

UNITED STATES gunboat Cincinnati, sunk off Vicksburg, was a third-rate iron-clad vessel of 512 tons burthen, 175 feet long. Her armament consisted of thirteen guns of heavy metal. She cost $90,000.

GEN. EWELL, who succeeds to the command of the late Stonewall Jackson, has but one leg, and has to be strapped on his horse when in the field.

DR. PETERS, who killed Van Dorn, has arrived in Cincinnati, and reported to Gen. Burnside.

COL. GRIERSON, distinguished by his late cavalry raid in Mississippi, has been promoted by the President to a Brigadier Generalship.

A FORTUNE MADE AND LOST IN A YEAR.—The following facts were developed during a recent sitting of a Military Court of Inquiry:

"About eight months ago a resident of St. Louis was the possessor of $4000, which he invested in salt. The stock was smuggled into Arkansas, where it realized an almost fabulous price. This business he carried on for several months, by which time he had amassed a fortune of $65,000. Elated and emboldened by success, he took $50,000 into the interior of Arkansas, where he invested the amount in cotton.

"Shortly after having made the purchase, and with visions of 100,000 in his eyes, a portion of the Union forces moved in the direction of where the cotton was stored. The plantation was vacated, the cotton unprotected, with no one to claim it, the cotton merchant having absented himself for the purpose of procuring transportation for its removal to market. The cotton was accordingly seized, confiscated, and sold for the benefit of the Government.

"The cotton merchant made complaint, gave proof of his ownership, and claimed payment, but all to no avail. Some time afterwards he arrived at St. Louis, and took lodgings at one of the hotels, which being crowded, he was placed in a room with two strangers. The United States detectives had for some time past been on the trail of two cotton smugglers, and upon the morning following the arrival of the broken cotton merchant, he, with his two room-mates, were arrested and placed in prison."

P[illegible] SOCIETY.

T[illegible] meeting, Wed[illegible] on Walnut st., below [illegible], Esq., President, in the chair.

Dr. Kenne[illegible] following communication from Mr. Wm. O. Putt, addressed to Mr. James McGowan, a member of the society, relative to the use of Hungarian grass as food for stock:

SIR—Agreeably to your request, I make you a few statements concerning what I know of Hungarian grass and its effects upon stock. During the spring of 1860 it was introduced into our section of country, central Illinois. I was located along the Chicago branch of the Illinois Railroad, one hundred miles south of Chicago. From the experiments that spring the grass was highly thought of, and recommended by all who had grown it. It promised to yield large crops, was eagerly devoured by all kinds of stock, and could be raised in low, marshy places, where nothing else would mature. These circumstances led our farmers, I myself among the number, to grow it extensively the next season. My crops yielded some four and a half tons per acre, well filled with heavy seed heads, many of them six inches in length; and I flattered myself upon having found a good substitute for prairie hay, or even timothy. But the sequel proved my mistake. I commenced feeding it to my horses as soon as it was cured, but only used it some two or three days in a week, as I was choice of it, and wished to keep it for heavy spring work. I thought my horses improved by its use. Many of my neighbors, however fed it without stint during fall and winter; but towards spring there began to be a general complaint, amongst those who used it freely, that their animals were unable to withstand even common labor, many getting so week as to be unable to stand. The weakness seemed to be across the loins, as if the kidneys were affected, and generally the animals urinated very freely. Many persons changed the feed to good timothy hay, with always good results. I, however, did not lose faith in the Hungarian grass, but attributed the sickness of my neighbors' stock to other causes, and when spring work commenced began to use the grass freely. In a short time one of my best horses was taken sick, lingered awhile with a kind of weakening consumption, and died. Another soon became ill. I then stopped feeding the horse with the Hungarian grass, bled him freely, and gave him purging medicine, when he passed large quantities of the seed, and even did so a week from the time I discontinued its use. My horse grew better, and was finally cured, although he was never afterwards a hearty horse. My brother also lost one horse, and injured several others the effect being distinctly traceable to the use of the Hungarian grass. In regard to cattle, I have never seen the grass fed to them to any great extent, but have been informed that if given freely to milch cows it will cause them to lose their calves. I fed it to a yoke of working oxen, together with corn on the ear, for several weeks, and one of them was taken sick, casting out his cud over the stock yard in large quantities; the cud consisted of a mass of undigested Hungarian grass. The grass is cultivated in that section now but by few individuals, and only in limited quantities. My opinion is that if given sparingly, with other feed, it would not injure stock.

Mr. Biddle stated that Mr Herkness had informed him that the recent sale of fine stock cattle, under the auspices of the Society, had been highly successful, though no accurate account of the sales had yet been received.

Dr. Kennedy announced the death of Judge Boudinot, one of the members of the Society.

Resolutions expressing the regret of the Society were passed.

Mr. Fisher presented to the Society a sample of unginned cotton, grown by Mr. Nathaniel Wolf, in Kent county, Maryland. Mr. Wolf had used a sandy loam soil, without manure, and planted from the 1st to the 12th of May. The crop produced 150 lbs. per acre of clean cotton, pronounced by a manufacturer to be equal to the best Georgia upland cotton, and was worth 85 cts. per lb. The crop having been raised late in the season, was somewhat damaged by frost. The speaker had no doubt that, with earlier planting and the use of manure, a crop could be made to yield two hundred pounds to the acre.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH

The committee having charge of the arrangements for the celebration of the Fourth of July, are industriously at work completing the programme. Sub-committees as follows have been appointed: Committee on Finance, Committee on Invitations and Correspondence, Committee on Addresses and Resolutions, Committee on Ceremonies at the Hall of Independence, Committee on Decorations and Arrangements, Committee on reception of Guests and Delegations, Committee on religious services, Committee on National Salutes, Committee on Procession, Committee for Arrangement of Music, Committee on Torch-light Procession and Illumination, Committee on Railroads and Conveyances.

Invitations to participate in the ceremonies have been addressed to the President of the United States, the members of his Cabinet, Senators and Representatives, the Governors of the States, and the distinguished men of the country. The President and his Cabinet will be present, and it is believed that most of the Governors will accept the invitation to take part in this first national celebration. A procession will be one of the features of the day. Already three divisions, of two thousand men each, composed of ward associations, have expressed their intention to participate, and music has been assigned to this branch. Prof. Coppee has been selected as chief marshal. No political device will be allowed to be carried. The military will also parade. At the hall, the bell will be struck in the morning 87 times, and a band of music will be stationed in the steeple. The Democrats having secured the use of Independence Square for the morning, an arrangement has been proposed by which no clashing of interests can occur. The committee will erect a platform large enough to accommodate those to be present as invited guests, and this platform can be used by the Democrats in the morning, until 12 o'clock, about which time the ceremonies will take place under the auspices of the committee. At each of the five gates leading to the square triumphal arches will be erected, and dedicated to the "Union," "Liberty," "The Army," "The Navy," "The Soldiers and Sailors," &c. Arches will be erected at other prominent points in the city. The firemen have been invited to make a torchlight procession in the evening, and the matter has been referred by the Fire Association to the different companies for action. If the firemen do turn out, they can make an imposing demonstration. In a few days the programme will have assumed such a definite shape as to give promise of the magnitude of the celebration. As the proceedings will attract to the city a large number of persons a sub-committee has charge of the matter of the reduction of railroad fares.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

The regular express train from New York, on Tuesday last, by Camden and Amboy Railroad, came in collision that evening, at 6 o'clock, with a freight and way train for Camden, half a mile this side of Pea Shore. The freight train passes off at a siding near that place, but owing to a derangement of the machinery of the engine, the train ran beyond the siding. The express train from New York usually slackens up at this point, and had done so, consequently it was coming at a slow rate, supposing the train in front was at the usual siding. The two trains came in collision, injuring both locomotives and destroying four of the crates with baggage, two freight cars, and a smoking car.

Mr. Thomas D. Hartman, of 123 Pine street, who was in the smoking car, received severe bodily injuries, and three boys on the train received flesh wounds, not of a serious character. Mr. Thos. Sinex, a farmer, residing immediately opposite the scene of the accident, took all his horses out of the field, and his hired men, and offered, with his lady, every assistance in his power.

A messenger was despatched to Camden, and the train immediately returned with several physicians. Dr. Cullen, Dr. Reynell Coates, and Dr. Richard Dean, of the U. S. Navy, and Professor Carson, of the University of Philadelphia, to whom much praise is due for their kind attention to the persons injured.

Mrs. Waddleton, a lady passenger, from New York, was unremitting in her attentions to Mr. Hartman.

Mr. Dickinson, the conductor of the express train, behaved with great coolness on the occasion, and, seeing the result of the accident, despatched immediate intelligence each way for engines. We are indebted for these facts to Col. E N. Stager, formerly of the Philadelphia Argus.

THE WORM NUISANCE.

A portion of the appropriation by Councils for the removal of the worms from the trees in the public squares has been expended in operations upon the trees in front of Independence Square. On Friday and Saturday of last week men were busily engaged in shaking the trees, and in this manner a large number of the worms were removed. On Sunday morning, about daylight, the Moyamensing Hose Company brought several sections of hose upon the ground, and by the plentiful supply of water thrown into the trees still further aided in the good work. But all these efforts were nothing compared with the work accomplished on Friday by *a flock of cedar birds*. These birds made their appearance about 10 o'clock, and selecting a tree at Sixth and Chesnut streets, soon removed from it a very large number of the disgusting worms. Having done this the birds disappeared as quickly as they came. On Tuesday a flock of the same birds was seen in the Fourteenth Ward. Their attention to the trees was of but short duration, the noise and confusion of the street being evidently sufficient to overcome the desire to feast upon the pests in the trees.

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

The high prices now asked for all kinds of produce is a general cause of complaint Beef and mutton are higher than they are known to have been before. The ruling prices for beef, on Saturday, were 16, 18 and 20 cents the pound; for lamb, the shoulders sold for 16 cents the pound; the fore quarters $1 25; chops 16 and 18 cents the pound. Veal is the only fresh meat which is reasonably low. Cutlets sold for 14 cents the pound; shoulders 8 cents, and choice roasting pieces 12 and 14 cents. Shad are becoming scarce, and bring from 25 to 40 cents a piece. Choice potatoes sell at from 90 cents to $1 the bushel. The strawberries in market on Saturday sold at from 16 to 25 cents the quart. Those held at the latter price were unusually fine. Strawberry growers say that the yield this season promises to be large. A few cherries have been offered in our markets, but the season is too early for them. In another week they will be plenty. Butter and eggs are still high for the season; the former brings 25 and 31 cents the pound; the latter 22 and 25 cents the dozen.

SUICIDE

On Monday night, last week, a woman leaped into the Delaware, from Arch street wharf, after having dropped her shawl and bonnet on the pier, and was drowned. The shawl is a black alpaca, trimmed with ribbon, and the bonnet a straw, trimmed with green. From the shawl and bonnet, deceased was believed to be Isabella Williams, who had escaped from the insane department of the Blockley Almshouse.

...s Infantry, lef... to enter upon the du... the State of Maryland...

It is understood in offi... ral Dupont will shortly be... Foote. An order has al... relieving Acting Admiral W... ing Commodore Lardner as his successor.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, June 10, 1863.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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S. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philada.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"ALL ALONE," by a soldier in the army of the Potomac, embodies more of feeling than of poetry, and, what is more, not very well written. Declined.

"THE CLOVER—AN ALLEGORY," by W. G. S., we have filed for early publication.

"THE HERO'S WIFE" is at hand, and had the author moulded the incident into a prose sketch, it would have, no doubt, been interesting; but it is not poetry, and in its present shape neither prose nor poetry.

THE NEW POSTAGE LAW.

After July 1st, the postage *on all domestic letters* not exceeding one half ounce shall be uniform at three cents, and for each additional half ounce, or fraction thereof, an additional rate of three cents, to be prepaid by postage stamps. If not prepaid, double rates are charged. For unsealed circulars, two cents for three circulars. Drop or local letters two cents per half ounce prepaid, and no carrier's fees, they having regular salaries; and all letters and papers to be delivered in cities free of charge. The rate of newspapers not over four ounces in weight, to regular subscribers, is five cents per quarter for weeklies, and an additional five cents for each issue more than once a week. Weekly newspapers free in the county where issued. Single copies two cents prepaid. Books one cent per ounce.

AGRICULTURAL STATE FAIRS.

The New Jersey State Fair is to be held this year, commencing Sept. 8th, on the grounds of the Passaic County Agricultural Society.

The Pennsylvania State Fair will take place at Norristown, Sept. 29, Oct. 2, with a liberal list of premiums.

The Agricultural Society of Colorado Territory will hold its First Annual Fair at Denver City, Sept. 17 and 18, 1863.

The Illinois State Horticultural Society hold their next Annual Fair at the city of Rockford, Sept. 9, 11.

The American Institute, New York, which has suspended its usual exhibitions for several years past, announce that a show will be held this year opening Sept. 27th, at the Academy of Music, 14th street.

The Montgomery County (Penn.) Agricultural Society will have a Spring Exhibition at Springtown, June 18th, when a trial of mowing machines is to take place.

The "Metropolitan Fair Ground Company" of Westfield, Chautauqua Co., have a Horse Fair at that place June 18–19, and their regular Autumn Fair is appointed for Sept. 9–11.

The Broome County Agricultural Society will hold its Second Annual Horse Fair exhibition and trial of Mowing Machines, at Binghampton, on the 3d and 4th days of July. The regular annual fair of the same society is to be held Sept. 8–10.

THE WORM NUISANCE.

A great city, cribbed and confined by walls, generally has a great annoyance; sometimes it is bad water, sometimes dirty streets; then it is fire riots or negro disturbances; now we have the old chronic annoyance of "worms upon the trees." Every five or six years we have this nuisance in full operation, notwithstanding the immense amount of learned and unlearned treatises and dissertations upon the tree-worm, its ravages, and the best method of getting rid of it. Every one considers himself at such time an encyclopædia of knowledge, and is ready to give advice, and to insist on it being taken, as if natural history had been the special study of his life. Unfortunately for the public, the advice from so many worm-doctors is like that which usually characterizes the counsel of gentlemen of the medical profession, scarcely two of them can agree upon the proper mode of treatment, and if the worm is not killed by the practice recommended, the trees are sure to be. Theories are as plenty on this subject as upon the causes which affect the physical well-being of man, and the remedies suggested are quite as desperate. One recommends tobacco-juice pumped upon the trees from an engine, which would be as pleasant as making a common spittoon of the city; another with artistic notions, suggests white-washing the trunks of the trees; dealers in petroleum want the trunks well oiled; others, desirous of nursing a long job, advise scraping the bark of each particular tree, and Councils have appropriated money to that end. The gardener who has a large stock of trees of a particular species on hand, is always ready to suggest that the trees already planted are the very kind to attract the worm by providing it with the food most liked, while the arboricultural surgeons, who take off limbs from the trees with as little remorse as an army doctor, have an infallible remedy in clipping the trees every spring at the moderate cost of fifty cents a tree.

All these remedies may have some element of truth in them, but it will scarcely do for the public to pin their faith upon any one of them as infallible. We have seen the tobacco-juice remedy tried in Philadelphia years ago upon the fine grove of lindens which grew in front of the State House. It brought the worms down, it is true, but between the swinging worms and the dropping tobacco-juice, nobody could walk along the square. Ultimately the lindens were removed, because somebody suggested that the delicate leaf and scented flower were such attractions for the miller; that it prefered to deposit its eggs upon those trees. One linden, which the writer saved from the almost universal destruction, has bloomed finely ever since, and has never been assailed by the worms, though the trees which a neighbor had substituted for his lindens have been frequently partially affected. Again we are told, as a fact indisputable, that no insect attacks the ailanthus tree. Yet a high wind, only last week, brought down such a number of the leaves from a grove of ailanthus trees on the East side of St. Peter's Church, that the writer was induced to examine them, and along the midrib of the leaf there were the most unmistakable indications of insect depredation which had destroyed its life. Our own theory is that it makes not a partible of difference what tree is planted; each in its turn is liable to attacks from insects, and almost all from the disgusting measurer worm.

Discarding, therefore, for the present all theories not tested by time and science, we come to the question, how shall we get rid of the worms? One correspondent, probably a schoolmaster, suggests birching the trees or flaggellating them lively with a rod. This has two recommendations in its favor—it will certainly remove the worms, if not all the leaves, from the trees, and, as vigorous and healthful exercise, is an excellent and useful substitute for the dumb-belle, cricket, shinny or any of the other fashionable amusements for the development of the physical powers. One suggests a decoction of the sumack, which will bring them down surely, and is not half so offensive as tobacco juice. Of course, the public mind is concerned only with the present remedy, or how to get immediate relief of the hanging and dropping worm nuisance. A permanent cure will probably never be had, with all our study of nature, until the boys are stopped driving every little bird from the city, by firing nails from bow-guns into the trees whenever a bird makes its appearance, or trying how surely they can hit it with a pebble, which invariably demolishes somebody's window glass if it does not hit the bird. If the destructive propensities of these boys was only directed to the worms, what sport they would find, and how many of the disgusting creatures would be killed. Catching and killing tree worms is quite as agreeable pastime as shooting innocent birds. We, therefore, recommend that whenever they see one of these nuisances hanging in the air they bring him down and bag him. A bounty by the city of so much per quart would undoubtedly be as good a remedy as whitewashing the trunks of the trees and scraping and oiling the bark.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE.—The first statement of receipts in any single month under the internal revenue law, has just been made by the new cashier of the internal revenue bureau. The amount, in round numbers, is five millions of dollars, from which it is inferred by the late head of the bureau, Mr. Boutwell, that the monthly average will be five and a half millions, as heretofore roughly estimated.

SALMON CULTURE.

...Europe the salmon fisheries are improving ...in the careful study of the habits of this remarkable fish and suitable laws against the destruction of the young. In the Tweed, it is asserted that double the number have been taken in the nets this season above last; and this appears to be owing to a few very simple precautions. The salmon fisheries of the British Provinces and of New England, on the other hand, are rapidly falling off, owing; in part, to steamboat navigation; in part to the saw-dust from the sawing up of so much lumber by water power, and the dams and disturbance of the streams thus created; but most of all by want of attention to the laws of breeding of this remarkable fish.

The salmon and the trout are of the same genus. The trout, however, is almost entirely a fresh water fish, while the salmon is migratory—always once a year, and some assert twice. It is bred in fresh water, and the eggs are destroyed by salt; yet after arriving at a certain stage it seeks the sea and there rapidly thrives and increases. Its red color seems due to the enormous amount of amphipod crustaceans which it devours. The crustaceans, however, have their revenge, for they become parasites around the gills of the salmon, and are one of the compelling reasons which induce it to seek the fresh water, after a certain time, to kill them. Another sort of fresh water parasites attach to the salmon there, and compel its return to the sea after the breeding season. The salmon can, however, exist entirely in fresh water, as the Lake of Jebago, in Maine, and other lakes without access to the sea, show; but in such cases they are far inferior in size and quality. Indeed, it has been found that, usually, during the whole period of their visit to the rivers they do not increase in size.

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was the first who suspected that the pretty little fish called in Scotland the Parr, was in fact the young of the salmon, and while all Europe was ringing with complaints of the decrease of the salmon, countless thousands of their young were caught and killed, and the pigs sometimes fattened upon the young of a fish that full grown would bring two dollars and a half a pound in the London market, no one believing that they were young salmon, so different did they appear. The old tradition was long fully believed that the young returned with the old fish to the sea, to be instructed either in the art of swimming or of finding again the mouth of their native rivers. It is only within the last few years that the Parr question has been settled by Mr. Robert Buist, the last skeptic, having taken the management of the breeding ponds at Stormontfield. This discovery will no doubt save millions of the young from an untimely end.

Another matter, long difficult to decide, has been the nature of the food on which the salmon thrives so remarkably while in the sea water, that a fish registered and identified was known to gain eleven pounds and a quarter in five weeks and two days, being but ten pounds first and twenty-one pounds and a quarter when finally taken! The singular thing is that *nothing* is ever found in the stomach of the captured salmon, but, like mullet, which the ancients used to regard as the type of all starvelings and fasters, ordinary dissection can never show what it feeds upon. But the truth seems to be that it has a remarkably rapid digestion of the minute crustaceans which it devours in immense numbers. One authority, however, asserts that the salmon vomits at the moment of being taken. Certain it is that the stomach of the codfish, which increases in size only very slowly, often contains a perfect museum of small fish and even less digestible food, which the salmon never does.

Another point has been settled, by careful experiment, that, as a general rule, every salmon returns to its own stream. This is of great importance to salmon breeders; otherwise their labors would only be for the general good, and not that of those who owned particular fisheries. It is found that salmon of very different shape inhabit particular streams, and pieces of copper wire inserted in the fins of those caught young have proved the tendency of each fish to return to its native stream, even where several streams empty into the same estuary. How they find their way is, perhaps, not more mysterious than the flight of birds like the carrier pigeon, for instance. Some have supposed that the particular flavor or smell of the water guides them. It is, moreover, pretty certain that they sometimes make a mistake, or emigrate purposely, as Professor Agassiz found in the Merrimac a *Salmo Hamatus*; showing that the European fish, in leaving their Arctic retreats, sometimes come down the American shore. The extraordinary powers of this fish, in leaping, sometimes as much as fourteen feet perpendicularly, to surmount a dam, are well known.

CHICAGO SHIP CANAL CONVENTION.

This Convention has been in session several days, and its plans and purposes are now fully developed. They want the canal enlarged sufficiently for the passage of large ships from the Lakes to the Atlantic. They want the work to be effected by national credit, and as soon as the cost is reimbursed to the national treasury the canals to be made free to commerce. The scheme meets with opposition from some of its own delegates, particularly those from Wisconsin, and outside from nearly all the Western railroad interest, who feel that a free canal, built at the public expense, is likely to affect their stockholders in two ways: first, by diminishing trade upon the roads, and next, by increasing taxes to pay for the canal. But the greatest difficulty the Convention has to contend with is the local interests, which are busy in that body. As New York and Illinois want the nation to expend many millions of dollars for their especial benefit, each little section thinks its own interests have as good a claim upon the public bounty. Hence propositions are made by Wisconsin to indorse the proposed improvement of the St. Clair Flats, and the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, so as to open a northern connection between the Mississippi and the Lakes. Next Minnesota and Iowa wanted the improvement of the Desmoines and Rock Island Rapids; then Cleveland and Western New York asked for the construction of a Canal around Niagara Falls; and finally the propositions ended by calling for a connection by the Government, between Cayuga Lake, and Lake Ontario, which would shorten the distance to New York sixty miles, and afford a safer harbor to gunboats in case of war. The fight in the Convention is to keep off all these subordinate local schemes and to launch by degrees the General Government upon the great and expansive sea of internal improvement. For commercial purposes such a canal would be of vast benefit to Illinois, which would have nearly the monopoly of the grain of the West, and break up, as they declare, the coasting trade, leaving the ships on the coast to seek other channels of commerce. It is the commercial and not the military advantages which find the most weight for the scheme. As for sending gunboats from New York, through the canals to the lakes, this idea is laughed at even in the West, where more gunboats have been built for the Western waters than have been built in New York altogether.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A fatal accident occurred on Friday to F. M. Drexel, Esq., the head of the well-known banking-house of this city of Drexel & Co. In alighting from the cars on the Reading Railroad, before they had entirely stopped, near its depot in this city, he was caught in the wheels, which passed over both legs, inflicting injuries from which, in a few hours he died. Mr. Drexel was 73 years old, and one of our most enterprising citizens, liberally participating in all the public improvements of the day. His sterling integrity of character, and his quick and clear perception in the line of his business, have given to his banking-house a world-wide reputation, and in connection with its great wealth, a credit second to no other in the country. Mr. Drexel started life as a portrait painter in Mexico and South America, and has ever been a gentleman of fine taste in the fine arts. He subsequently started in the banking business at Louisville, with I. M. Franciscus, and shortly thereafter came to Philadelphia, where he opened, on a moderate capital, in the bank note and specie business. Here, assisted by his sons, who are now connected in the firm, he has steadily prospered, and the house is now one of the wealthiest in the country. Some twelve years ago, then over sixty years of age, Mr. D. went to California and opened a banking house, under the title of Drexel, Sather & Church, which was the leading banking house of that day. With that business perspicacity which has so signally characterized his life, he wisely closed his California house before the first financial revulsion there, realizing very largely on its operations. The house here has a branch at New York, in the firm of Read, Drexel & Co. Mr. Drexel has recently invested largely in city real estate, is a large owner in productive copper mines, and in most of the more important improvements of the State. At the time of the accident, Mr. D. was on his return from Schuylkill county, where he had been with some friends connected with public and private business. In his social relations he enjoyed the respect and esteem of a large circle of ardent friends, and his untimely death will be severely felt by an affectionate family, and all with whom he had social or business relations.

PRICE OF NEGROES IN MARYLAND.—Of three hundred slaves belonging to the estate of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, which is now being settled up on the death of the last heir, all but one hundred and forty have run away, and the appraisers value the residue at five dollars a head. A leading slave dealer in Baltimore says that he would not give $500 for the whole lot. The price of negroes has greatly depreciated in Maryland, and the owners of slaves there will find general emancipation a means of relief from an expensive burden.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.—The Hon. Joseph Segar has been elected to Congress from the Accomac and Northampton District, Virginia, he receiving 1312 votes and Watson 421. The Hon. L. H. Chandler was elected to Congress from the Norfolk District unanimously.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe. Harper & Brothers: New York. J. B. Lippincott: Philadelphia.

This work is properly the complement to Dr. Draper's "Human Physiology." In that work, man was considered as an individual, whose growth and decline are governed by fixed and invariable laws. In this he is considered in his social relations as a component part of a nation or people. The proposition which Dr. Draper undertakes to demonstrate is, "that social advancement is as completely under the control of law as is bodily growth: the life of an individual is a miniature of the life of a nation." The grand conclusions are, that "The organization of public intellect is the end toward which European Civilization is tending;" that "Europe is now entering on its mature phase of national life;" and that, "in all important particulars, the prospect of Europe is bright. China is passing the last stage of civil life in the cheerlessness of Buddhism: Europe approaches it through Christianity." We are confident that this volume will be recognized as the grand philosophical work of the age.

The Fairy Book. By the author of John Halifax, (Gentleman), &c., &c. Harpers: New York. J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Philadelphia.

This is meant to be the best collection attainable of that delight of all children, and of the grown people who retain the child heart, the old-fashioned Fairy tale. It has been compiled from various sources, and includes all the well known stories in this peculiar department—from Jack the Giant Killer to Tom Thumb. We know of no book that will meet a more cordial welcome from the best part of humanity, the children, than this volume of Fairy tales.

St. Olave's—A Novel. Harper & Brothers: New York. J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Philada.

This admirable story is issued as No. 231 of Harper's Library of Select Novels, and will be found, on perusal, well worthy a place in this admirable collection. It covers 162 closely printed pages, and is sold at 50 cents in paper cover.

The Soldier's Wife—A Story of the War. By G. W. M. Reynolds. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This novel is illustrated, and somewhat of the flash order of literature, but the title and the reputation of the author in this peculiar line will, no doubt, invite to it many readers. The price is 50 cents in paper covers.

HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS.—The Harper's have published another volume of their admirable series—"Xenophontis Anabasis."—The series is intended to supply, for the use of schools and students, cheap and accurate editions of the classics, in large type and flexible cloth binding. The form is 24mo., and the mechanical execution excellent. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have it for sale in this city.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

At the new *Chesnut Street Theatre*, "Pocahontas" with the admirable cast of Mrs. Wood, Wheatleigh, and Chapman, steadily grows in favor. It is an epicurean treat of a racy, witty travestie of the earliest history of the settlement of old Virginia by the English, with all its interesting incidents, burlesqued through queer satirical flings and pointed hits at men, manners, customs, inventions, puffs, &c., with all the passing topics of the day, thrown off in broad caricature of costumes, fashions, caustic repartee, play upon words and flash sayings, in educational systems of modern nonsense and hot-house schemes "*to teach* the young idea how to shoot," with the humor of a Dickens. All this is graphically illustrated by the comic powers of the performers, through spirited and *piquant* dialogues, in operatic and ballad airs Terpsichorean "poetry of motion," so happily hit off by Mrs. J. Wood in her *aboriginal pas de Chocwha!* Mr. Davidge's Powhatan is fully equal to, if not better, than Brougham's, his utterance being more distinct. He sings with excellent point and humor. The appointments, scenery, etc., are, of course, elegant and brilliant. This burlesque is the quintessence of innocent amusement, without offensiveness to modesty. The "Fancy March" of the young ladies as the "Light Guard," in their gray uniform and bows and arrows, was truly *a la Militiare*.

The attractive old moral drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been produced at the *Eleventh Street Opera House*. The place was crowded every evening during the past week, and with the present company, likely to continue so. All critics agree that the drama was never better performed in this or any other city.

The Campbell Minstrels are in the city, performing at the Walnut Street Theatre. They are attracting good houses.

NEWS AND NOTINGS OF THE WEEK.

☞ The conqueror despoils the conquered; the hero of the day is the vampire of the night.

☞ It is now believed that the $300 clause in the drafting act will be held to be mandatory, and so carried out by the President.

☞ "Sir, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment." "Ah, Miss, why should I fear your arrows when you never had a beau?"

☞ A Down East editor says he has seen the contrivance that lawyers use to "warm up with the subject." He says it is a glass concern, and holds about a pint.

☞ To make boots last four years. Grease well with a mixture made of tallow, lamp-black and beeswax; then set them away in the closet and go barefoot.

☞ The course of true love with a certain couple in Elmswell, England, recently terminated in a happy marriage, after a courtship of twenty-six years!

☞ The royal wedding presents which were recently exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, by permission of the Prince of Wales, were viewed by 229,425 persons.

☞ At the International Dog Show just opened at the Agricultural Hall in Islington, England, the Prince of Wales is an exhibitor, having entered three couple of his pack of harriers.

☞ It is supposed that wool manufacturers have now on hand sufficient stock for operations until the new clip shall come off, and will not probably be in the market as purchasers while their old stock lasts.

☞ Women are at field work in Michigan, because so many men have gone into the field elsewhere. Persons from abroad ought to be able to get enough of work, and good wages, in the Northwest, that seat of future empire.

☞ One of the greatest novelties of the day is due to the inventive genius of some French fishermen, who found that by sinking a bottle containing glowworms a good take of sardines was insured, which has given rise to the use of the electric light to invite the fish to their nets.

☞ A great sale of tulips recently took place in London. It was one of the largest collections in England, comprising upwards of three hundred rows and two thousand blooms, the property of the late Mr. Lawrence of Hampton. The largest bed brought sixty guineas.

☞ The fashionable dance of Paris now is the "Marche Cocasse." It is danced backwards, each gentleman holding the lady before him by clasping her ground the waist. When well practiced it is said to be highly entertaining; and the Empress is said to have a peculiar talent for its execution.

☞ The great Tredegar Iron Works of Richmond were destroyed by fire on the 17th ult. All the fine machinery, and sixteen cannon nearly perfect, were lost. A large wool factory adjoining was also burned. The Davis Government forbade any mention of the disaster by telegraph or newspaper.

☞ "Don't forget the fodder corn!" says an exchange; "at the latter part of the season when the drouth shall make bare the pastures, the cows will need some nice bites at morning and night. These can be supplied in no way so cheap as from the patch of fodder corn. Put in half an acre and try it."

☞ The Boston Transcript thinks the public has been deceived in reference to the nature and extent of the cattle disease known as pleuro-pneumonia. Announcing the appointment of a new set of commissioners to investigate the subject, the Transcript says: "As the money authorzing a commission is all spent, it is to be presumed the disease will soon abate."

☞ There were 253 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 125 were adults and 128 children. There were 41 from consumption of the lungs; 18 from convulsions; 4 from dropsy; 4 from diptheria; 5 from disease of the heart; 20 from debility; 7 from typhoid fever; 10 from inflammation of the lungs; 3 from marasmus; 4 from scarlet fever. Deaths and interments of soldiers in the city, 10.

☞ The "retired physician" in Jersey City, "whose sands of life have nearly run out," is said to be growing younger. This apparent juveniltry may be accounted for by the fact that some benevolent individual recently forwarded to him by express (though unpaid) a large package, which, on being opened, was found to contain a half bushel bag of the article of which he was in such evident need—sand!

☞ An English correspondent of one of our city papers lately alluding to the Colenso affair says with some point that "the great mistake of the Bishop is his position in the Church. Let him resign that, and take his place among the savans, instead of the saints, and he will be all be all right. *The attempt to pull down a house while living in it, is not quite logical, to say the least.*"

☞ The late Stonewall Jackson at various periods of his life was afflicted with different forms of hypochondria. One of the manias was to believe that everything he eat went down and lodged in his left leg! At another time he would never eat except by the watch, at the precise moment; and he would take out his watch, lay it on the table, and eat at that moment. If the meal was behindhand he would not eat at all.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

RESULTS OF BLAIR'S EXPEDITION.

GUNBOAT EXPEDITION TO YAZOO CITY.

A General Attack on Vicksburg to be Made on the 4th.

Interesting from Tennessee and Kentucky.

AFFAIRS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Late Railroad Accident in Kentucky.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—The Commercial publishes a letter dated Memphis, June 3d, which repeats Pemberton's intercepted despatch to Johnston about being able to hold out ten days, &c. It adds the following:

Gen Osterhaus is on the west side of Black River bridge, with his entire division, watching Johnston, who appeared on the 1st and 2d with five thousand infantry and some artillery. Shots were exchanged and the rebels retired. Johnston is said to have 18,000 men, poorly armed and deficient in artillery. There is, then, no probability of his being able to relieve Pemberton.

The expedition under Gen. Blair proceeded northward as far as Mechanicsburg, forty-five miles, without meeting the rebels in force. A few guerrills fired on our cavalry, wounding several. The crops were found in a promising condition, and the country well supplied with live stock. A large amount of cotton was destroyed, and many cattle and negroes were brought away.

The gunboats ran up to Yazoo city, several days ago, and destroyed much property, including a gunboat on the stocks. Several rebel transports were seen further up the Sun Flower and Tallahatchie, which temporarily escaped.

Communication with Gen. Banks is kept up on the Louisiana shore.

Guerrillas infest the region between Lake Providence and Grand Gulf, and commit depredations with impunity. The Government plantations are selected for attack. A hundred negroes were driven off or hung. Every negro with a Federal uniform on is mercilessly suspended to the nearest tree.

Siege operations at Vicksburg are pressed with increased vigor. The siege guns commenced a general bombardment on the 3d inst. Result unknown. The two armies are close together—within talking distance. A general attack was to have been made on the 4th inst. The formidable batteries along the Mississippi on the first line above the water batteries, are all silenced, save one at the extreme upper part of Vicksburg, where the Chickasaw Bayou comes into the Mississippi. It mounts two heavy guns, and two twenty-eight pounders. The rebel battery on Fort Hill is composed of six guns of very heavy calibre. The Unionists have mounted six heavy guns in front and a battery diagonally at that point.

The rebel rumor from Richmond that Kirby Smith has attacked General Banks at Port Hudson is hardly credited, though some uneasiness is felt. A rumor from down the river says that Smith has arrived at Carthage, La. This is very doubtful.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—On the 4th inst., Capt. Hutchins, of the Second Illinois Cavalry, captured a rebel mail near Covington, Tenn., from which it appeared that the guerilla Colonel Faukner, with 300 men, was lying off the right of the road, not a mile distant.

Col. Moyer's Third Michigan Cavalry has held Union meetings at McClernansville, Clarksburg, and other places in West Tennessee lately, and is reported to be making considerable progress in restoring the Union sentiment.

The Commercial has a special despatch, dated Murfreesboro', June 7th, which says:

The forces sent out a few days since, under Col. Wilder, of Mounted Infantry notoriety, for the purpose of breaking up the remaining small crowd of rebel cavalry under Col. Harrison, at Liberty, returned to camp to-day.

Near Liberty our forces came unexpectedly on a camp of the enemy who fled precipitately, leaving a large number of horses, wagons, guns pistols, swords, and other articles usually found about a camp. Parties were immediately sent out in every direction after the fleeing rebels, and they brought in a large number, with four officers. The Seventeenth Indiana, mostly infantry, was sent down to Alexandria to cut off their retreat. The party who captured the mules in the vicinity of Nashville, a few days ago, by a pre-arrangement with General Crook, with his command, came up from Carthage and joined the Seventeenth, at Alexandria.

The rebel detachment in charge of the captured mules, one hundred in number, was intercepted, and the whole party and booty were taken under charge, when the whole force rejoined the main body at Liberty. Col. Wilder then returned to Smithville, where a brisk fight, in which artillery was called into action, ensued. The rebels retreated, leaving on the field eight killed and quite a number of prisoners.

The result of the expedition is forty-nine prisoners, four of whom are commissioned officers, 130 mules, over 100 horses, about fifty stand of arms, and eight serviceable wagons.

From East Tennessee and Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—The Commercial has a despatch dated Mount Vernon, Ky., June 6th, which says that reliable information from Knoxville, places the number of troops there at 12,000, also, 600 at London Bridge, and 600 at Strawberry Plains. The reports all agree that Gen. Gracey holds Cumberland Gap with a force of two thousand. The last information placed Pegram's forces at Monticello at fourteen regiments, varying from five thousand to eight thousand.

A North Carolina regiment is picketing the river in the vicinity of Mill Springs. Four rebel conscripts and one prisoner of the 14th Kentucky cavalry, who had been confined in prison at Chattanooga, made their escape two weeks ago, and reached here this evening. They had been sentenced to be shot. They say that ten thousand men had been withdrawn from Bragg to reinforce Johnston, and that Bragg has not now over forty-five thousand men.

From the Army of the Potomac.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—The reports from the Army of the Potomac to-night represent matters as very quiet there.

The rebel forces were seen yesterday in large numbers returning to the fortifications in the rear of and below Fredericksburg.

It is reported that there was a review of the forces of Fitzhugh Lee and Wade Hampton by General Lee at Culpepper yesterday. They numbered from twelve to fifteen thousand.

One of the prisoners captured Friday evening below Fredericksburg, stated that it was intended soon to make a raid towards Washington. If such a design should be entertained, they will find ample preparation made for their proper reception.

The object of the reconnoissance across the Rappahannock was fully accomplished.

From New Orleans.

NEW YORK, June 8.—The steamer Continental, from New Orleans on the morning of the 2d instant, arrived at this port at 11 o'clock to-night.

Purser Craft has furnished the press with full files of the Era, from which the following news is extracted:

An immense caravan, comprising 600 wagons, filled with negroes to the number of 6000, together with 3000 mules and horses, and 1500 head of cattle, under escort of nearly all the troops in Teche county as a guard, (the advance regiment being the 41st Massachusetts, Col. Chickering), arrived at New Orleans, from Barr's Landing, on the 3d. On the march they had several small skirmishes with the guerillas, who infest the country. One of the band was hung. Many of the inhabitants who professed loyalty when our army marched through their country some time since, showed unmistakable evidence of gratification at the withdrawal of our forces; and several officers who were delayed in leaving Franklin, until our army passed, were captured by the guerillas.

The funeral of Col. Cowles took place on the 3d of May.

A committee of the Union Associations had requested Governor Shepley to order a registration of the voters in the States in order that the loyal people can select delegates to a Convention at which they will organize a State Government of Louisiana, loyal to the United States Government. Gov. Shepley cheerfully promised all the aid in his power.

The Late Dreadful Railroad Accident.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—A frightful accident occurred on the Kentucky Central Railroad at Nicholasville, on Saturday afternoon. The locomotive Kenton, attached to the passenger train which was to have left Nicholasville that afternoon for Covington, exploded her boiler, instantly killing six men and wounding twelve or fifteen others, some of whom have since died.

The killed and wounded men belonged to the following regiments:—Thirty fifth Massachusetts, three killed, two mortally and one seriously wounded; Twenty first Massachusetts, one seriously wounded; Seventh Rhode Island, one killed, named Bentley; Twenty first New York, one slightly wounded; Ninth New Hampshire, D. B. Blackmar, mortally wounded, and Sergeant W. O. Florence, slightly. A colored man employed about the depot was also killed, which, with a teamster from Covington, makes the number killed six.

The cause of the explosion is not known. The soldiers attributed it to carelessness on the part of the engineer. There was great excitement, and some persons talked of lynching the engineer; but the excitement ended in talk.

Terrible Tragedy in Connecticut.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 8.—Wm. Steele, of East Hartford, killed his wife and infant child this morning, by cutting their throats with a razor. Two children who were in the next room, escaped. He afterwards committed suicide. The terrible tragedy was undoubtedly the consequence of the insanity of the perpetrator, who has been an inmate of "The Retreat" at different times for the last twenty years.

The Failure to Make Appropriations in Indiana.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—The Indiana Supreme Court has decided that the officers of the State are estopped from paying interest on the State debt, by the failure of the Legislature to make an appropriation.

General Willcox has superseded Gen. Hascall in command in Indiana.

Prisoners from Pemberton's Army.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—Two thousand prisoners left Indianapolis on Saturday, for Fort Delaware, and one hundred and sixty five officers of Pemberton's army, were sent to Johnston's Island.

Strike of Longshoremen at New York.

NEW YORK, June 8.—The longshoremen are on a strike for higher wages, and business is at a stand still along the wharves.

The Order to Suppress the Chicago Times Revoked by the President.

CHICAGO, June 4.—The Times having issued a paper this morning, the military took possession of the office and remained there until evening, when a despatch was received by the proprietors from Gen. Burnside, saying that his order suppressing their circulation having been revoked by the President, they were at liberty to continue the publication of their paper.

In the United States Court to day, the entire session was devoted to hearing the arguments of the counsel for the Times.

The Liberty of the Press.

NEW YORK, June 4.—The following despatch has been received by the editor of the World:

"LEXINGTON, Ky., June 4.—Editor of the N. York World—Having been directed by the President of the United States to revoke that part of my order, suppressing the Chicago Times, I have revoked the entire order, and your paper will be allowed its circulation in this Department. [Signed] A. E. BURNSIDE, Major General."

A meeting of the press of this city is called for the 8th inst., to consider the subject of the nature, extent and rightful limitations, if any, of the liberty of public journalists to criticise the acts of those charged with the conduct of the Government in time of war and civil convulsion. The call is signed by W C Prime, Parke Godwin, James Brooks, Anson Herrick, Horace Greeley and Elon Comstock.

Freedom of the Press.

NEW YORK, June 8.—At a meeting of the Editors to-day, Horace Greeley of the Tribune, James Brooks of the Express, Wm. B. Prime of the Journal of Commerce, and various others were present, and resolutions were adopted to the effect that "We recognize and affirm the duty of fidelity to the Constitution and the government and laws of our country; that treason and rebellion are crimes; that while we emphatically disclaim and deny any right as inhering in journalists to incite, advocate, abet, uphold or justify treason or rebellion, we respectfully but firmly assert the right of the press to criticise, freely and fearlessly, the acts of those charged with the administration of the Government, and of their civil and military subordinates; and that any limitations of this right created by the necessities of war should be confined to the localities where hostilities exist, or are immediately threatened.

Grand Reception of Returned Volunteers.

NEW YORK, June 8.—A grand reception of the 37th and 38th Regiments of New York Volunteers, took place this afternoon. The escort comprised the 7th, 71st, 69th and 55th Infantry regiments, together with a regiment of cavalry, a battery, and the officers of the city government. The procession was about a mile in length. It was reviewed from the Metropolitan Hotel by Major Gen. Sickles, who addressed the returned regiments. The procession was also reviewed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by Major Gen. McClellan. The crowd of people assembled to witness the affair was immense even for this city. The regiments will partake of a banquet this evening.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, June 8, 1863.

An event of the day is the decision of the Supreme Court, declaring unanimously that Treasury Notes are not a legal tender in the discharge of debts contracted and due before the Act of Congress was passed. The Judges making this decision are Ingraham, Sutherland, and Peckham. Their opinions have been submitted in writing. Two of the Judges held that Congress has no power to make a paper currency and compel individuals to receive it as money in their private dealings. Judge Ingraham reserved himself, as to the effect of the legal tender clause in the Act of Congress, on contracts made after its passage.

The history of the case which has elicited this "important decision" is as follows: Samuel Bowne, in 1857, delivered his bond to the defendant Roosevelt for $8000, to be paid in August, 1857, to secure a loan of that amount, Roosevelt giving Bowne a check for the sum on the Chemical Bank, payable in gold, if Bowne desired it. To further secure the loan, Bowne and his wife executed a mortgage on an estate in Richmond county, N. Y. Subsequently the premises were conveyed to Meyer, the plaintiff, subject to the mortgage, the plaintiff assuming the payment of the same, the amount received having been deducted from the purchase money. The plaintiff in June, 1862, tendered to the defendant $8170 in United States notes issued under the act of February 25, 1862. Roosevelt refused the notes as legal tender, claiming that he should be paid in gold coin. An agreement was entered into that the defendant should receive the notes conditionally, and that the question as to their being a legal tender should be submitted to a Court having jurisdiction of the case, and that if the decision should be that they were not legal tender, the plaintiff should pay the defendant $326 78, with interest, that being the amount of difference between the market value of the notes and gold on June 11, 1862.

The enrolment is proceeding quietly. It is estimated that up to Saturday night, the whole number of names taken was at least 50,000. From present appearances, the entire work will be finished by the 1st of July.

The steamers for Europe on Saturday went out full of passengers, many of them New Orleans families who came on here in the steamers from that port during the week. Some are loyal, but the most of them are understood to be "secesh," and hence it is something of a mystery how they manage to reach here, inasmuch as it has been given out that nobody is permitted to leave unless he or she can furnish the most satisfactory proofs of loyalty, etc.

On board the Hansa, for Bremen, via Southampton, are W. V. Wicht, Werner Stehner, A. Stahl, and C. Gottlieb, of Philadelphia. The H. has in all, 212 passengers.

Gold was quiet and without noticeable fluctuations. Previous to the Board it sold at 145, at the first call it stood at 145¼, closing at 145⅛, with sales of 97,000. In the street, operations were noticed at 145¼ a 145⅛.

Governments were inactive. The principal operations were $18,000 U. S. 6's, '81, (coup.,) at 108¼; $6000 Treasury 7-30 notes, 107; $10,000 1 year certificates, 101⅛; $18,000 do., (new,) 98⅞ a 99.

Sales of $50,000 Missouris were made at 68⅛, and of $1,000 Virginias at 66.

New York Central opened at 121⅛, closing at 121⅛; Erie 96⅛a96⅞; Harlem 104 (opening) and 101 closing at a decline of 3 per cent.; Galena & Chicago 103¼a103⅞; Chicago & Rock Island 100a98⅞, compared with Friday's first board quotations.

The steamers for Europe took out an aggregate of $385,000 in specie, on freight.

COTTON.—Cotton continues in moderate demand; we hear of sales of 750 bales of Middling Uplands at 57a58 cts.

FLOUR.—Western and State Flour is more active; sales of 12,000 bbls. are reported at $5a5,35 for superfine State and Western; $5.75a6 for extra State; $5,80a6,10 for the lower grades of Western extra, and $6,20a6 30 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. The market for Southern Flour is heavy; sales of 4,000 bbls were made at $6,30a7 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $7,25a9,25 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is firmer with sales of 150 bbls at $3,40a5,20. Corn Meal is in fair request; 200 bbls changed owners at $4,20a4,25 for Jersey, and $4 30a4,50 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat is less active; we hear of sales of 73,000 bushels at $1 25 a 1 38 for Chicago Spring, $1 30 a 1 42 for Milwaukie Club, $1 47 a 1 52 for red winter Western, and $1 63 a 1 75 for white Michigan. Rye is selling at $1 00 a 1 01 for State. Oats are less active, and prices are in favor of buyers; some sales were made 78 a 80 cents for Western and State.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is unchanged; we hear of sales of 1000 bbls. at $11 25 a 11 50 for prime, and $13 a 13 15 for mess. Beef is steady, with sales of 200 bbls. at $9 50 a 11 25 for mess, and $12 a 13 50 for extra mess. Lard—the market is less active; sales of 1200 packages were made at 9¾ a 10⅛c. Butter and Cheese continue steady, and prices are unchanged.

WHISKY.—The market is firmer; sales of 900 bbls. are reported at 44 a 44⅛c. for Western and State.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The Government Treasury is easy, and is apparently moving forward as smoothly as though the existence of a nation was not threatened by a rebellion the cost of which is some two millions of dollars daily. Governor Chase, in his administration of the Treasury Department, has, by his straightforward course, so ingratiated himself in the confidence of capitalists as well as of the community that his efforts are as unitedly seconded as were ever those of the most favored of his predecessors in time of peace. The subscriptions to the Five-Twenty years six per cent. loan for the last fortnight amounted daily to about *two millions of dollars!* and in a short time the nation will have accumulated in the treasury no less than fifty millions of dollars, which will almost immediately be disbursed and put in circulation throughout the country. This loan is the only one now open to public subscription at par, and its success is decidedly adverse to the issue of any more legal tender notes. Moreover, such is the success so far of Mr. Chase's financial plans that the probability is no further derangement of the currency or enhancement of the rates of foreign exchange may be necessary during the war. The Loan act of March 3, 1863, will, by its conservative operation, promote this healthful condition of things. For its provisions are as follows: *First*, that nine hundred millions of coupon or registered stock shall be issued, bearing not more than six per cent. interest, and running not less than ten years nor more than forty years, both interest and principal being payable in gold. *Secondly*, as a means of negotiating this loan without disturbing the operation of business or producing mischievous and violent contractions from time to time in the money market, Treasury notes are to be issued to the amount of four hundred millions. The interest on these is not to exceed six per cent., and both principal and interest is payable in currency. *Thirdly*, although nine hundred millions is the total aggregate of both notes and stock permitted by this act, still, in addition to the one hundred millions of legal tenders authorized by resolution January 19th, which have now been issued, the Secretary may, if necessary, put out fifty millions more greenbacks. *Fourthly*, the one year certificates of indebtedness, interest payable in currency, are still to be issued, and the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to prepare and to hold in reserve one hundred millions of currency notes, which are to be issued to the public only in case the new treasury notes, which bear interest, shall be poured into the treasury and presented for payment faster than they can be met by the incoming revenue of the Government.

—The present amount of currency in circulation is about $725,000,000, of which amount $400,000,000 in Government currency, $175,000,000 in bank currency, being about double the amount in circulation before the commencement of the war. The Government has also $450,000,000 legal-tender money to be issued, which will be required before the close of the present year, and which will swell the amount to $1,025,000,000. A continued annual supply of $500,000,000 will be required as long as the war continues. This increasing currency is doing much to stimulate internal trade, and is rendering productive property which has been wholly worthless for years. Borrowers in good credit can be readily supplied at 4 to 5 per cent. At the beginning of the present month the New York Sub-Treasury held some twenty-eight millions of currency. Some pesons have entertained fears that the locking up of so large a sum might cause some little stringency in the money market. The very heavy disbursements going on this week have, however, measurably relieved this apprehension.

—The following abstract of Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season as compared with corresponding time last year:

Companies.	Week	Season.	Last Season	Inc'se	Dec'se.
Reading R.	72.493	1 420 879	897 525	523 354	....
Schuyl. Nav.	26 437	231 451	322 379	....	90 928
Lehigh Nav.	20.606	133 648	216,256	....	82 6 8
Lehigh Val.	28 118	576 2 9	372 602	2 3,677	....
Del. & Lack.	29 230	457 328	422 975	34,352	....
Del & Hud.	27,737	106,690	100 547	....	6 143
Penn. Coal	24 487	98 028	100 266	2 238	....
Shamokin	6 323	99 445	66 163	33 382	....
Broad Top	8 794	132 888	122 903	9 985	....
Lyken's Val.	403	30 562	49 678	....	19,116
Trevorton	1 402	22 462	22 559	....	88
Totals	245 960	3 309 660	2 693 753	806 938	193 832

The canals again this week show a falling off on their last season's tonnage to date. The loss on the Lehigh Navigation is in consequence of the tonnage above Mauch Chunk which was included last season, being cut off this. The tonnage of the week, it will be seen, is nearly a quarter of a million of tons, while for the season the aggregate is 3,309,650 tons, being an increase on the tonnage from the same sources of supply to corresponding date last year of 615,907 tons. The demand for coal continues very active, and prices are firm for all the sizes. With more coal-carrying vessels the business would be greater.

—The deposits of gold at the U. S. Mint for the month of May amounted to $254,995, and of silver to $17,784. Total, $272,279. Of copper cents there were received in exchange for new, $145. The gold coinage covered 9634 pieces, of the value of $200,360 93. The silver coinage, 32,013 pieces, of the value of $9,283.55. Of new cents there were coined 4,270,000, of the value of $42,700. The total pieces coined during the month is 4,311,647, of the value of $252,344.48.

The following list of quotations are based mainly on the operations of Monday, and on the reported sales nearest to that date, being carefully prepared and corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia:

	Par	Bid	Ask
LOANS			
U States 6s '81	100	108	108½
Treas N 7-30	100	106½	107⅛
Penna 6s	100	109	110
" 5s	100	102¾	103
" 5s cp	100	105	106
Philada 6s o	100	104¾	105
" R	100	104¾	105
" G Ln	100	104⅜	105
" N Ln	100	108⅛	108½
" coup'n	100	...	...
" 5s	100	98	100
Pittsb'g m 6s	100	90	100
" 6s R	100	62	67
Alleg City 6s	100	94	99
" co R	100	82½	84
Tenn 5s	100	...	59
Cincinna 6s	100	98	101
Missouri 6s	100	68	68¼
BANKS.			
N Amer Bk	100	151	153
Philadelphia	100	122	122
Far & Mech	50	55¾	56½
Commercial	50	52	53½
N Liberties	50	63	66
Mechanics'	20	27¼	27¼
Southwark	50	...	...
Kensington	50	65	69
Penn Town	35	36¼	37½
Girard	40	42	42¼
Western	50	64	67
Manu & Mec	25	26	27
Commerce	50	65	69
Tradesmen's	50	62	65
City	50	49	50
Consolidat'n	30	30⅛	31
Commonw'h	50	38	...
Corn Exc'ge	30	34½	34¾
Union	40	39½	...
Camden	50	...	...
" Far & M	100	...	50
Germant'n	50	54	60
Miner's Ptts	50	...	...
Trenton B C	50	45	...
Kentucky	100	93½	94
" North	100	104	104½
" South	100	...	...
Louisville	100	...	95
Farmers'	100	94	...
Tenn Union	100	25	35
" Plants	100	30	36
INSUR CO.			
N America	10	23	25
Penns F & A	200	240	...
Life & Annui	100	...	...
Girard L & T	25	36	39
Amer Fire	75	150	...
Penna M & N	100	150	...
Franklin	100	240	...
County	50	...	...
CANALS.			
Sch Nav shs	50	12⅛	12⅝
" prfd	50	25⅝	25¾
" ln qu'72	100	101	101½
" loan '82	100	88	88½
" loan bt	100	...	...
" imp't ln	100	90	95
" 1876	100	70	73
Leh Nav shs	50	56½	58
" Scrip	50	44	45½
" 6 per ct	100	108¾	109
Morris Can'l	100	169	72
" prefd	100	138	140
" bds	100	107	107½
" 2d mtg	100	102	104
Ches & Del	200	145	160
" 6s '86	100	101	101½
Union C shs	50	1½	2
" pref 6s	50	4	4½
" bonds	100	25	25½
Susq & Tide	50	15	16
" bds '78	100	62¼	62¾
Del Div Cnl	50	45½	46

	Par	Bid	Ask
" bds	100	103	106
W Branch bs	100	80	85
RAILROADS.			
Cam & AmR	100	179½	170
" 6s '64	100	103	104
" 6s '64	100	...	...
" 6s '67	100	105	107
" 6s '70	100	107½	109
" 6s '75	100	105¾	...
" 6s '83	100	106	109
" 6s '89	100	104	...
" 6s '63	100	...	...
Phil & Trn R	100	164	168
" bds '68	100	102	105
Penna R	50	66⅝	67
" 6s 1st m	100	114	115
" 2d m	100	107½	109
L Schuyl R	50	50	50¼
" 6s	100	...	...
" 7s	100	...	...
Del R m bds	100	100	105
" guar	100	100	105
Beaver M R	50	74	75
" prf 10	50	...	...
Phil, G& N R	50	59½	60
" 6s	100	...	...
Reading R	50	53⅝	53¾
" pf stk	50	...	...
" m 6s '43	100	110	112
" m 6s '44	100	...	...
" m 6s '70	100	106¾	107½
" m 6s '86	100	108	111
Minehill R	50	65½	66¾
H M J & L R	50	67	68
" R bs '83	100	110	111½
N Penna R	50	15	15⅛
" 6s	100	95	95
" 10s	100	115	120
Sham V & Pts	50	35	...
Phil & Sun 7s	100	109	...
Chester V R	50	...	...
" 7s	100	38	41
Lehigh V R	50	80	81
" 6s	50	108	108½
Elmira & W	50	36	38
" prefd	50	53½	54½
" bds 7s	100	111	113
" 10s	100	75	79
Catawiss R	50	7½	8
" pfd	100	23½	24
" 10s	100	...	...
Phil W & B R	50	70	71
" loan '84	100	140	142
Phil & Erie	50	25	25¼
" bds en	100	106	106½
Sun & E 7s	100	111	111¾
L Island R	50	35	38
" 6s	100	103	105
W Chester 7s	100	105	107
" 8s	100	...	...
CITY P. R.			
Second St R	25	79	80
" 1st m 7s	100	112	115
" 2d m 7s	100	108	110
Germant'n	15	30½	...
Fifth & 6th R	50	60	62
" 7s	100	110	112
Tenth St	20	41	45
Spruce St R	8	16½	16¾
Chesnut St R	10	56	57½
W Philad R	50	67	68
" 7s	100	...	...
Arch St R	20	24¾	25
Race St R	15	12	12
" 7s	100	...	47
Green St R	15	44¼	44¾
" 7s	100	...	...
Ridge Av R	25	18	21
MISCELLA'S.			
Am Gold	100	143	143½
Acad Music	100	30	44
Pa & Lh Zinc	50	43	50

Baltimore Stocks.

	Par	Bid	Ask
Balt City 6s '90	100	106½	109
Maryld 6s '90	100	116	117
Balt R 6s '85	100	103½	103¾
" shs	100	82¾	83
N Cen R shs	50	40	43
" 6s '85	100	103¼	104

New York Stocks.

	Par	Bid	Ask
N Y Cen R	100	119¾	119⅞
Ill Cen R	100	95	95½
Rock Isl R	100	98	98½
Gal & Chi R	100	101	101½
Mich South	100	95¼	95⅜
Cleve & Tol	50	108½	109

—We give below a statement of the business of the Philadelphia Custom-house, for the month of May, 1863, compared with the two previous years:

May.	1861.	1862.	1863.
Merchandise in Wareh'se, 1st of month	1,278,921	684,023	309,687
Received in Warehouse from foreign ports	437,618	406,881	435,596
" other districts	55,235	44,279	57,336
Withdrawn from Warehouse for consumption	205,352	438,712	301,918
" transportation	405	30,866	4,366
" export	......	631	......
Remaining in Warehouse, last of month	1,572,350	661,994	495,335
Dutiable goods entered for consumpt'n direct from foreign ports	335,797	608,655	321,363
Free goods entered	353,382	39,592	35,694
Domestic goods exported	1 084,496	904,552	1,119,351

DUTIES RECEIVED.

	1860.	1861.	1862.	1863.
May	308,475	114,920	479,257	277,360
Previous 4 mos.	9 9,709	692,847	933,783	981,361
	1,228,184	807 767	1,413 040	1,258,721

—The New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company held its annual meeting at Jersey City, on Wednesday. The annual report for 1862 was read, and presents a very flattering exhibit of the Company's affairs. The capital stock paid in is $1,397,800. The funded debt has been reduced to $678,000, of which $185,000 (the loan effected for the purchase of the Ferry rights) will become due in August next. The Directors propose to provide for this by a new loan of 15 year bonds at 6 per cent. interest. The receipts for the year were $1,111,086, and the expenses $458 961, showing an increase in both. The ratio of expenses to earnings was 413 10 per cent., being a slight diminution from 1861. Two semi-annual dividends of five per cent. each have been paid, besides $59,426 in transit duties and taxes. The receipts during the first quarter of this year were $310,518, being an increase of $69,512 over those of the same period last year. An arrangement has been made with connecting roads to secure a double track between New York and Washington. The contract with the Morris and Essex road expires October 13th, when their passengers will go over the Hoboken route. The relations with the Camden and Amboy and other companies are harmonious, and will produce greater unity of action hereafter, &c. The stockholders then proceeded to the election of Directors; 47,407 shares of stock were voted on, and the following gentlemen unanimously elected: John S. Darcy, Dudley S Gregory, Henry B. Remsen, Hamilton Fish, Abraham O. Zabriskie, Alfred L. Dennis, George R Chetwood, Martin A. Howell, and Richard Suydam.

PRICES OF FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The following were the prices of Flour, Wheat, Grain and Oats, at the several points named, at the latest dates received:

	Flour.	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats
Philadelphia	5 75	1 60	86	70
New York	5 50	1 55	73	76
Buffalo	6 50	1 40	78	62
Cleveland	5 50	1 18	50	80
Wilmington	6 00	1 75	85	44
Cincinnati	4 75	1 30	75	69
Trenton, N. J.	6 51	1 75	80	55
St. Louis	7 00	1 33	40	33
Baltimore	6 75	1 72	92	83
Albany	6 25	1 67	70	70
Boston	5 50	—	84	74
New Orleans	12 50	—	1 12	87
Pittsburg	6 75	1 30	80	64
Louisville	6 00	1 16	78	80
Chicago	5 75	1 15	46	55
Detroit	5 75	1 15	46	36
Toledo	5 75	1 12	48	36
Milwaukie	5 50	1 16	44	55

CATTLE MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, June 8.—Only 950 head of Beef Cattle were offered for sale at Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard, yesterday, a decrease of 306 head from the supply at last week's market. The arrivals were mostly from Illinois, Lancaster and Chester. Sales were brisk at 9a13 cents per lb. Few cattle brought less per pound than 11 cents. 150 cows found buyers at $25 a $35 per head for springers, and $28½ a $45 for cows and calves. 4300 sheared sheep sold at 5 a 5⅛ cents per lb. gross; lambs, $3 a $5 per head. 570 hogs were disposed of at $7 a $7 75 per cwt., gross. At Henry Glass' Union Drove Yard, the sale of 1321 hogs netted from $5 50 a $7 75 per cwt.

BALTIMORE, June 4.—Beef Cattle.—The receipts were 450 head. The quality of the beeves offered was superior to the general run of cattle. Sales ranged from $5 25 a $6 75 per 100 lbs. for common to prime cattle. Sheep—Sales of clipped sheep ranged from $4 50a$5 50 per 100 lbs gross, for fair to prime quality. Hogs—Sales were made of fair to prime live hogs at $6 75a7 75 per 100 lbs., net.

ALLEGHENY, NEAR PITTSBURG, June 4.—The market for Beef Cattle during the past week was dull, but prices underwent but little change, ranging from 5½a6c. per lb. gross, for good to prime. The demand was limited, and the offerings light. Some 40 head inferior cattle sold at 3¾a4c. Sheep—We note sales of 51 head clipped at 5 a 5½c. per lb. gross, and 384 head to go east at $5 40 per cwt. Hogs—Sales in a retail way, at prices ranging from $4 to $5 per cwt. gross, for common to extra. Horses—A large number were shipped East from the Allegheny yards.

BRIGHTON (near Boston,) June 4.—At market, 550 Beef Cattle, 1500 Sheep and Lambs, and 1500 Swine. Beef Cattle—Prices, extra $9½; first quality, $9¼; second quality, $7½; third quality, $5 a $6. Sheep and Lambs—$4 a $4 50; extra do., $5 a $6 50. Swine, stores, wholesale, 5 a 7c.; retail, 6 a 8c.

CAMBRIDGE, June 3.—At market 240 Cattle. Market Beef—Extra, $9a9 50; first quality, $8 25 a8 75; second quality, $7 a 7 50; third quality, $5 50. Sheep and Lambs—1500 at market. Prices in lots $4 a 4½; extra $5 a $7, or from 4½ a 6½c. per lb. Spring Lambs $3 a $6.

PHILADA. WHOLESALE MARKET.

The markets for most of the leading articles have ruled very inactive, but without any material change to note in prices. Breadstuffs are but little inquired for, and for most kinds prices are unsettled and rather lower. Bark comes in slowly and meets with a good demand. Coal continues in active request at fully former rates. Iron is dull, and the price of Pig Metal nearly nominal. Cotton has further declined but holders at the close are asking an advance; there is no demand. Fish continues firm. Foreign Fruit in good request. Groceries and Provisions without any alteration, but dull. Naval Stores steady. Oils generally are lower. Rice, Salt, and Seeds steady; Teas, Tallow, Tobacco and Wool without any alteration, and Whisky rather more active.

BARK—Sales of 1st No. 1 are reported at $35. Tanners' Bark sells freely at $14 for Chesnut, and $18 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is in fair demand at 45 a 46c for good yellow, and but little offering.

COAL is scarce and wanted. Cargo prices range at from $5 50 to $6 00 per ton, free on board at Richmond. Orders come forward freely, but the high views of buyers check business somewhat, and the market is less active.

COFFEE—Some small lots, mostly Rio, have been taken at 30 a 3 c. Last sales of Laguayra at 33c.

COPPER—Sales of yellow metal at 30c. for sheets, and bolts at 32 cents.

COTTON.—Prices are 3 a 4c. per lb better since the close of last week, but there is very little doing, most of the mills being idle, and the sales are confined to a few small lots at equal to 53 a 55c. for middling quality, cash. holders now ask the latter figure.

FEATHERS are dull at 46 a 47c.

FISH—Mackerel; prices range at $16½ and 12½ for shore and bay 1s; $10 and $11 for 2s; $6½ a 6¾ for large, and $5½ a 5¾ per bbl. for medium, 3s and 3s. New Pickled Herring sell at $2¾ a 3½ per bbl. Nothing doing in Codfish; new are held at $6¼.

FRUIT—Oranges and Lemons are in good demand at full prices. A cargo of Spanish Pine Apples sold at $12 a 13 per 100. Last sales of Dried Apples at 5 a 5½c., and Peaches at 8a9½ cents for unpared quarters and halves.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been unsettled; sales comprise 9,000 bbls, at $5 75 a 6 for common and good superfine; $6 25 a 6 87 for extras; $6 50 a 7 25 for low grades and good family, and high grade fancies at $8 25 a 9 per bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $5 per bbl. Corn Meal is dull at $4 00 per bbl. for Penna. Brandywine is worth $4 25.

GRAIN—Sales of Wheat reach about 35,000 bushels, good and choice Penna. reds, at $1 53 a 1 58, in store, and white at $1 60 a 1 73. Rye is selling at $1 per bu. Corn—sales of some 28,000 bush. new yellow at 85c, in store and afloat, and 83 for mixed. Oats—40,000 bus. good Pennsylvania sold at equal to 72 cents for 32 lbs. Malt has been selling at $1 55 a 1 60.

GINSENG—The market for crude is firm at 90 cents per pound, and little or none offering.

GUANO—Super Phos. is quoted at $45 per ton; Peruvian, at $95; Pacific Ocean, at $55, and Sombrero at $40.

HAY—Good Timothy is worth 85c. a 95c. the 100 pounds.

HEMP—Last sales at $180 per ton for Western.

HOPS command from 18 to 24c for 1st sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market contines very inactive, and the demand for Pig metal limited at previous quotations, but makers generally are sold up and not disposed to accept less than $30 a 35 for the three numbers of Anthracite. In manufactured there is no change, with a fair demand for rails.

LEAD is quiet at $9 00 per 100 lbs.

LUMBER—Sales of Yellow Sap Boards at $21 a 22 per M.; White Pine at $22 a 24, and White Pine Shingles at $18 a 24. Hemlock boards $12 a 13 per M., and scantling $10 a 11 per M., and Laths at $1 25 a 1 50 per M.

MOLASSES—Sales of Cuba and New Orleans at full prices, including a cargo of Trinidad at 46c. and some Porto Rico at 53c., on time.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of Spirits Turpentine at $3 50 per gallon. Rosin, is selling at $24 a 25 for common and No. 1; and Tar at $6 a 7 for Penna. and $10 for North Carolina.

OILS—Lard Oil is selling at 80 a 85c. Linseed Oil at $1 23 a 1 30. Petroleum is unsettled and lower; crude sold at about 25 a 26c, refined at 41 a 45c, in bond, and 50 a 53c. free.

PLASTER—Soft, commands $4½ per ton.

PROVISIONS—There is very little doing in barrelled Meats, and mess Pork is quoted at $14 a 14½, with small sales. Bacon sells slowly at 9 a 12 cents for plain and fancy bagged hams, and 5¾ a 6c for shoulders. Green Meats are quiet at 7 a 7½c for hams, in salt; 8 a 9c for do. in pickle, and 5c for shoulders, in salt. Lard remains inactive, with moderate sales of western tierce at 10a10½c, and kegs at 11¼ a 11½c. New Butter comes in slowly, and prices are firm at 15 a 20c per lb. Cheese is wanted at 11 a 12c per lb. Eggs continue scarce and high, with sales at 18 cents per dozen.

RICE—Sales of East India at 8¼ a 8½c per lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is selling at $5 50 a 5 75 per bushel. Timothy is quiet at $1 50 a 1 75, and Flaxseed at $2 50 per bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quoted at 65 a 66c. Whisky is firm, bbls at 45 a 45½c; drudge at 43 a 44c.

SUGARS are more active and ⅛ a ¼c better, with sales of 1100 a 1200 hhds., mostly Cuba, at 10¼ a 11½c. Porto Rico at 11¼ a 12¼c, and New Orleans at 11 a 12c. on the usual credit. A sale of box Sugar was made at 11¾c per lb.

TALLOW—Sales of city at 11½ cents, and country at 10½c per lb.

TOBACCO—There is very little demand for leaf or manufactured, and prices are unsettled.

WOOL—Prices range at from 70 to 72c for fine fleece and tub.

FREIGHTS to Liverpool are rather firmer; the going rates are 2s 6d. a 2s. 9d. for flour; 8 a 9d. for grain, and 25s. a 27s. 6d. for heavy goods, and rather more offering. To West Indies rates are unchanged and business moderate at 52 a 55c. on sugar home from Cuba, and 75c per bbl for flour out to windward. Boston freights steady. Colliers continue in good demand at $9½ to Aspinwall and New Orleans; $6½ to Key West; $8 to Pensacola; $4½ to Port Royal; $4 to Newbern; $2 to Fortress Monroe; $2 50 to Boston; $2 65 to Providence, and $1 40 per ton to New York.

To Consumptives.

The Rev. Edward A. Wilson continues to mail (free of charge) to all who desire it, a copy of the Prescription by which he was completely cured of that dire disease, Consumption. Sufferers with any Throat or Lung Affection, should obtain the Prescription, and try its efficacy at once. Delays are dangerous. Address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings County, N. Y.

MARRIED.

On the 31st of May, 1863, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. JOHN CADE, Jr., to Miss SARAH JANE, adopted daughter of Thomas Clark, all of this city.

On the 15th of June, 1862, by the Rev. Wm T. Eva, Mr. GEORGE GARDNER to Miss ELIZABETH McCLAIN, both of this city.

On October 5th, 1862, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JOHN McLEESTER to Miss FANNY A. HOWARTH, both of this city.

In the city of Philadelphia, May 28th, by Rev. Isaac Frankel, PHILIP HANAUER, of Ohio, to Miss HENRIETTA JACOBS, of this city.

On the 1st inst., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS MORFORD, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZABETH SPROLLS, of the same.

On the 4th inst., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOB R. GIBBS of Philadelphia, to Miss CORDELIA HARTNACK, of the same.

April 23d, 1863, by the Rev. George Bringhurst, SAMUEL STEWART to CATHARINE MONTGOMERY, both of this city.

On the 4th inst., by Rev. R. Jeffrey, D. D., Rev. W. HAMILTON CONARD, Pastor of Daviville Baptist Church, to Miss ISABELLA YOUNG, of this city.

On Thursday morning, June 4th, by Rev. And'w. Longacre, WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, M. D., to HANNAH BIRDSALL, all of this city.

On the 29th of April, 1863, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. Shrigley, GEO. A. BAKER to LIZZIE A., daughter of JOSEPH NUDD, all of Philadelphia.

DIED.

HART.—On Thursday evening, June 4th, ELLA J., wife of Byron Hart, M. D., and youngest daughter of S. Levine.

KOERPER.—On the 4th instant, CONRAD KOERPER, aged 65 years.

LAWTON.—On the 4th inst., at 8 o'clock, A. M., HANNAH LAWTON, after a lingering illness, aged 38 years.

LUNNY.—On the 3d inst., PATRICK LUNNY, in the 86th year of his age.

MATTHEWS.—Suddenly, on the 4th instant, at the Naval Asylum, Mr. WM. MATTHEWS, in the 59th year of his age.

MUMBAUER.—Fell asleep in Jesus, on the 3d inst., ELIZABETH MUMBAUER, in the 69th year of her age.

REAVER.—On the 27th May, 1863, at First Division Hospital, Va., from wounds received on the 3d of May, at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., GEORGE REAVER, of the 114th Regiment, Penn'a Volunteers, in the 28th year of his age.

RILEY.—Suddenly, on the 4th inst., OWEN RILEY, in the 45th year of his age.

SHUSTER.—On the 3d inst., MARGARET SHUSTER, in the 67th year of her age.

SOMERNDIKE.—On the 3d instant, FRANCIS B. SOMERNDIKE, son of Francis E. and Anna Somerndike, aged 20 years and 12 days.

WALLACE.—On the 3d instant, Captain JOHN D. F. WALLACE, in the 56th year of his age.

WOOD.—In New York, on the 4th instant, of Typhoid Fever, JOHN S. WOOD, aged 36 years, son of George and Harriet Wood, formerly of this city.

"NOSES"—THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.—Illustrated with ENGRAVINGS of the Roman, Grecian, Indian, Negro, Celestial, Aquiline, Turn-up, and Pug Noses, with the character revealed by each. EYES—Blue, Black or Gray. LIPS—Thin and Pale or Full and Red, Prim or Pouting, Scolding or Loving. MOUTH—Large or Small. HAIR—Light or Dark, Coarse or Fine, Straight or Curly. CHEEKS—Thin or Plump, Pale or Colored. TEETH—Regular or Irregular. EARS—Large or Small. NECK—Long or Short. SKIN—Rough or Smooth. All to be amply illustrated with ENGRAVINGS. The walk, talk, laugh and voice, all indicate character. We may know an honest face from a dishonest one, and we will show how. Besides the above, we shall treat on *Ethnology*, or the Natural History of Man; of *Physiology*, and the Laws of Life and Health; of *Physiognomy*, or Signs of Character, and how to read them; of *Phrenology*, the Philosophy of Mind; and of *Psychology*, the Science of the Soul. MAN, with reference to all his relations of life, social, intellectual and spiritual, and what each can do best, will be elucidated in the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED*. New volume commences July 1st. A handsome quarto monthly, at only $1 50 a year. Sample numbers, 15 cents. Please address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 BROADWAY, New York. j e10 3t§

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C. M. Shenk 1863

A SONG OF MAY.

The Spring's scented buds all around me are swelling,
There are songs in the stream, there is health in the gale;
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale:
The desolate reign of old Winter is broken—
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, oh, thou spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers,
He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion;
He timidly sails in the infinite sky;
A greeting to May and her fairy dominion
He pours on the west wind's fragrant sigh;
Around, above, there are peace and pleasure;
The woodlands are singing, the heaven is bright—
The fields are unfolding their unrivalled treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas for my weary and care-haunted bosom!
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wild wood, the sheen of the blossom,
The fresh-welling fountain—their magic is o'er!
When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone
That I call up the throngs of my long-vanished hours,
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven,
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my veiled mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream;
The bloom purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth—
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended,
'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the newness and sweetness of being are ended—
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now;
The shadows of Death o'er my path have been sweeping;
There are those who have loved me debarred from the day;
The green turf is bright, where in peace they are sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance my soul is away!

It is shut to the glow of this present existence—
It hears from the past a funeral strain;
And it eagerly turns to the high seeming distance,
Where the last blooms of earth shall be garnered again;
Where no mildew the soft damask rose-cheek shall nourish,
Where grief bears no longer the poisonous sting,
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his blight the luxuriant Spring.

It is thus that the hopes which to others are given,
Fall cold on my heart, in this rich month of May;
I hear the dear anthems, that ring through the heaven,
I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,
Delights not my bosom, ah! do not condemn;
O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
For my heart's proudest raptures are buried with them.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

Crops for Late Spring and Summer Sowing.

BUCKWHEAT.

At a recent meeting of "our Club" several of the members took occasion to remark, after one of them had incidentally mentioned that he found that he was going to be unable to get all his tillable land into spring crops, that they also were in a similar condition, and utterly unable to get all their land into spring crops, at least in any tolerable season; some for the want of help of any kind, and others on account of the want of the right kind of help. The war, and a dread of being drafted, have made our own young men scarce; and the Irish and other foreigners from Canada and the old country are, many of them, very raw and poor hands for the kind of work to be done on American farms. One member asked another what he was going to do with the land which was going to be idle on his hands, and finally the inquiry became pretty general, What can be done, and what it is best to do with the land which we cannot get into spring crops in anything like proper season? Various crops suitable for being sown or put into the ground quite late in the spring, or even some way into summer, were mentioned, such as beans, millet or Hungarian grass, Indian corn for fodder, peas so late as to escape the attack of the pea-weevil, turnips, buckwheat, &c. Finally, it was resolved, that at the next meeting of the Club, the subject for discussion should be the advantages and disadvantages of these several late spring or summer crops. Accordingly we have just had a very interesting and instructive discussion on several of these crops, and especially on buckwheat; and as some of the readers of the "Newspaper" are undoubtedly in very much the same situation and circumstances as those in which some of our members found themselves, we have concluded that it might be of service to such to report the substance of what was said in regard to this last crop. Instead of reporting the speech or remarks of each member separately, we have concluded that it would be more useful to arrange the remarks of the several speakers under different heads. Accordingly we commence with a report of the substance of what was said in regard to

THE USES OF BUCKWHEAT, OR REASONS FOR RAISING IT.

1. Because it is so very convenient a crop wherewith to occupy land that could not be got into any spring crop in proper season, on account of the hurry of spring work or want of help.

2. Because we may thus get a supply of *grain*, needed for our stock, from land which would not grow any other grain. The merits of this grain for feeding stock of all kinds, and especially poultry, pigs, sheep and milch cows, will be reported under another section of this general head.

3. Because the crop occupies the land only a short time, generally between seventy-five and ninety days, or between two and a half and three months.

4. Because it is a cleansing crop, or of the nature of a fallow, subduing or choking out troublesome weeds. Of these dock, snapdragon, thistles, sorrel, rag-weed, charlock, and even couch-grass and Canada thistles, so very hard to get rid of, were named as having been pretty well subdued by crops of buckwheat. One reason why this crop kills out or subdues weeds and grass is, that the land for growing it is plowed and harrowed in midsummer, by which processes the roots of the weeds and grass are exposed to the scorching rays of the sun; and then, after the grain is sown, it grows so rapidly that it gets the start of all other vegetation, overshadowing and smothering everything that springs up.

5. Because it is a crop which costs but little, either for seed, manure, or labor. Then, too, it will grow and do tolerably well on fields or patches of a farm which would scarcely produce anything else of much value. Then, too, it may be grown, for it has been, a great many years in succession on one field or patch of ground without any manuring. A case was mentioned in which it had been grown over twenty years on one field, and without any diminution of the annual crop which was, taking one year with another, between twenty and thirty bushels per acre. The cost of this crop was still less, it was said, when it was put in, say, in July or August, along with winter wheat or rye, and got off before being caught by frost, the wheat or rye not being at all injured. Two crops were thus got at the expense of one plowing, sowing and harrowing. Of this plan we had all heard, but none of us had ever ventured to try it. As to *manuring* for this crop, one said that he had put some farm-yard manure on a part of a field, and that the straw grew so rank as to lodge and fail to mature the seed, while another was sure he had derived benefit from a top-dressing of plaster, and on another occasion from ashes. Here, also, it may be appropriate to state the opinions given as to whether this crop was of an exhausting nature or not. The general impression seemed to be that it was not exhausting, one member being very confident that it derived much of its nutriment or support from the atmosphere. Indian corn and turnips, it was said, were now pretty well known to prove utter failures, or very poor crops, after buckwheat; but this was attributed rather to some peculiarity in these two crops than to the exhausting nature of the buckwheat crop, as rye, wheat and oats had all been known by some of the members to have done very well when following a buckwheat crop.

6. Because the grain can always be marketed pretty readily when more is raised than is wanted for consumption in the family, or for feeding to the stock. Of course it is always best to feed all grain, save wheat, grown on any farm, to some kind of stock upon that farm—best, at least, so far as making rich manure and keeping up the fertility of the farm is concerned—but when, for any reason, one may wish to market a crop rather than to convert it into pork, or mutton, or wool, or milk, or dairy produce, buckwheat will generally bring as good a return for its cost as any other farm produce. One member urged that it was specially important that we should raise all the grain possible this year, as it is pretty sure, not only that all we can raise will command good prices, but also that many will be likely to suffer for the want of sufficient surplus on our part. He said that the rebels might yet be suppliants for feed from us, and that France and England, whose *rulers* and *nobility* longed for our downfall, would suffer a partial famine if we should fail to supply them with grain.

7. Because it furnishes food for man—a food which is quite a favorite with some, and is welcome to almost all. For cakes, it was stated that buckwheat is much improved by an addition of a peck or half a peck, according to taste, of either oats or corn to each bushel before grinding. Some would probably like, as we do, a mixture of some wheat flour with the buckwheat flour.

8. Because it furnishes an excellent food for all, or almost all, domestic animals. After several of the members had mentioned some of the uses they had made of it, as for pigs when boiled and mixed with potatoes, for poultry, for horses, and for milch cows, whose yield was said to have been much increased thereby, the present reporter stated that he had been driven, on one occasion, by the want of other grain, and by having an exceedingly poor cow thrown upon his hands in the month of March, to use this grain. He boiled it, and as it swelled to about twice the size it was before boiling, he gave what was equal to two quarts of raw grain twice a day with a little salt, and with only hay beside, the cow quickly put on flesh, and got a sleek coat almost before going to pasture. Another accidental use he had made of buckwheat consisted in soaking a cake or two made of it for the table in the skimmed milk fed to a calf after it was three or four weeeks old. He never had a calf grow more rapidly or that had a glossier hide. The published statement of John Johnston, widely known as an extensive feeder, was read by one member as follows: "I have fattened many cattle, and far more sheep, on all or part buckwheat during the last 29 years, and it will fatten stock as well, for the amount of pounds, as any other grain, oats and corn mixed, perhaps, excepted; and I would much rather have half buckwheat meal than all cornmeal to feed to three-year old steers that have not been fed grain." A mixture of three parts buckwheat and one part corn, in meal, is a favorite one with one of us.

9. Because the straw, when cut before being touched by frost, is well relished by sheep, and also eaten occasionally by cows and by horses.

10. Because this crop exhausts the land very little, if at all. The substance of the remarks on this topic have been already stated.

11. Because it has some points of superiority as a green manure, such as being capable of being grown on land too poor to grow clover; being to be had ready to plow under in about two months instead of having to wait for over a year as in the case of clover; finally, as furnishing two crops to turn under in a single season. Because it costs much less than a crop of clover, or even one of Indian corn.

12. Because a crop of buckwheat may be grown after a crop of wheat or rye have been taken from the land. This twice cropping of the same land in one season, though not very good practice in general, may yet be very convenient in certain circumstances, as when one has not grain enough to carry his stock comfortably through the winter.

OBJECTIONS TO, OR DISADVANTAGES OF A BUCKWHEAT CROP.

1. It favors slack husbandry, being proverbially the lazy man's crop. A tolerable crop may be had with little preparation of the soil, no manuring, &c.

2. The seed remains alive over winter and grows next season, thus preventing having the seed pure, if a grain crop follows.

3. Corn, and also turnips, are always poor crops after buckwheat.

4. Wheat is a poor crop, seemingly poisoned, when a crop of buckwheat has been plowed under as a green manure.

5. It is a very precarious crop, injured easily by a scorching sun, or early frosts.

SELECTION AND PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.

Buckwheat thrives well on almost any soil, if dry; very well on a soil manured the previous year; and tolerably on very light and quite inferior soils. It does not do well on wet or heavy soils. Bringing the soil into fine tilth, and rolling the land after sowing the seed improve the crop considerably.

TIME OF SOWING.

From the middle of June to the middle of July in latitudes North of 40 degrees. It runs the risk of frost if sown much after the 4th of July.

HARVESTING, THRESHING, AND AVERAGE YIELD.

Buckwheat is usually cut with the scythe, though to avoid shelling out it has been pulled. To avoid this loss of the grain it is better, however, to cut it when damp, as in the morning or at evening. Being slow to dry out, it should never be stacked or mowed away in large quantities together. It should be threshed as it is drawn in, or soon after, on a dry, warm day. The average yield is from twenty to thirty bushels per acre. From thirty to forty-five bushels have been obtained in favorable seasons and circumstances, and even sixty bushels per acre have been reported.

SECRETARY OF "OUR CLUB."

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

TO GROW TOBACCO.—*Shelbina, Shelby Co., Mo.*—I notice in the "Newspaper" of May 13th, a communication from one signing himself "Gill Bates," address Hopewell, Clarke county, Iowa, making some inquiries and giving some information in regard to tobacco. The communication referred to is rather indefinite, but I will venture a guess that some plan for prizing in hogsheads is what is required. Now if Friend Bates has ever seen a cider press, and has any mechanism at all, he can be his own informant. If not, he will let us know what is desired, through the "Dollar Newspaper," or by mail to my address, and I think I can give him satisfaction, as I have had much to do with tobacco in almost every shape and form, and am an old tobacco raiser. The information given in said communication is in part, perhaps, true. The writer says, "Sow your tobacco seed about the last of March or 1st of April." This would be fall late in my latitude. I sow from 1st of January to 1st of April whenever I can catch the ground in order to burn well. I then plow up my bed, while warm, with a shovel plow, leaving out the roots, and cross plowing; then chopping over with a hoe, not deep, then raking until the bed is pulverized nicely; then mark off with the handle of your rake one way as for corn. When your bed is ready for the seed, take a large dish-pan nearly full of bran, dry dirt or dry ashes, and, if my bed is ten steps each way, I put into the pan two heaping tablespoonful of seed; mix well with the dirt or ashes, then manage to sow so as to have enough to go over a second time, or cross sow it; rake it lightly, tramp it well and cover it with brush lightly, when it is done. Ground intended for tobacco should be plowed first, before other land; then, about the last of May, replow it, harrow, or brush it; lay it off, according to "Gill Bates," three by four feet, or three and a half feet each way. It will pay to make a small hill with a hoe; set your plants as soon as you can, from 1st to last of June will answer; then plow and hoe and keep plowing and hoeing. When your tobacco becomes too large to plow or hoe, it is ready to top. Now prime off two or three ground leaves and then break out the top bud, leaving ten or twelve nice leaves. Practice will make perfect; by a little observation you can top to eight, ten or twelve leaves without counting. Notice the bud and count your leaves for a few plants, and you will readily see into it. The process of counting every leaf would not pay. If your plants are early, top to twelve, if late, top to eight, and even six or four leaves to give size and weight. After topping, you may let it rest for about one week, when you must go in and remove the suckers and kill the worms, from the time it is half in top until it is hung on the scaffold. After suckering three times you will find it becomes spotted and thick; this, in our latitude, happens about the last of August to middle and last of September, according to age and season. When ripe, we go with sharp caseknives, early in the morning, split the stalk and cut down the plants and turn them up end down. Continue this until 9 or 10 o'clock, when it must be piled, or the sun will burn it. We place ten or fifteen plants together in a hill, butts to the sun; when all is piled we begin to hang. My sticks are four and a half feet long, made of hickory. On these we place from nine to twelve plants, according to size, then place them on a scaffold of poles, prepared for the purpose, hang the sticks so that the tobacco will barely touch. Let it hang until it is nearly dry, when it is ready for the barn. Never handle it when dry, but watch for a damp spell. I frequently haul in one or two loads, say five hundred sticks, while the dew is on it early in the morning. After it is thoroughly cured I wait for a good, damp season, then strike it down in good handling order into bulks, weight it heavily, and strip it when I get ready. If it should be warm weather after bulking, it must be looked after; it may heat and mold or rot. If you wish to prize in hogsheads, while stripping tie small hands, say, ten or twelve leaves together after sorting it carefully. I only make two classes, good and lugs, then rehang it, and order it for the hogshead. If it is desired to market without prizing, tie in large hands and rebulk it and weight it to keep it from drying out, until it can be hauled off. If the tobacco has been properly treated, you may expect from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds per acre. "Gill Bates" must weigh his tobacco in a green state, for four thousand pounds of tobacco never was raised upon one acre of ground in one season, nor never will be. I have seen tobacco five feet high, and so thick that I had to edge my way through it, well cared for and properly handled, that did not weigh two thousand pounds to the acre; it averaged about fifteen hundred pounds, and brought about $160 per acre, about one-quarter the estimate of Friend Bates. Many of us would like to hear from this contributor again. We want his mode of raising, &c., by which he makes four thousand pounds, and obtains $700, the product of one acre. I for one will tear up my garden, tear down and throw away my pig pen, plow up my yard, throw the poultry-house out of doors, and do sundry other strange things, and turn my attention exclusively to one or two acres of tobacco. I have eight acres nearly ready for hoeing, and if I should raise as much as five thousand or six thousand pounds I shall feel very thankful. My ground is very good, yet there are more planters who only average five hundred or six hundred pounds than those who average fifteen hundred pounds, depend upon it. As to seed, the White Stem is my choice. It is larger and heavier than almost any other. It is not so fine in fibre, but, with us, that is a minor matter, we are for weight.

—— LEE D. KENNERLY.

PEORIA COUNTY, ILL.—*Hopewell, Clark Co., Iowa.*—In one of the May numbers of the "Dollar Newspaper" I notice an inquiry about the soil, climate, productions, &c., of Peoria county, Illinois. Having lived in that county twelve years I can give a little description of the county. The North part of it is mostly prairie, the South part is mostly timber. It is on what is called the "military tract," and a better soil and climate cannot be found anywhere. Peoria is pleasantly situated on the Illinois river, and is justly called the handsomest city in the West. Corn yields from fifty to one hundred and sixty bushels to the acre. I have raised corn myself that averaged one bushel to the square rod. Wheat yields about twenty-five and thirty bushels to the acre. Oats from thirty to fifty, and Hungarian Grass about four tons to the acre. Cotton, cane and tobacco grow well in this country. Land under good cultivation, with good improvements, can be bought for $4 and $5 per acre. There is plenty of good Government land that can be bought for $1 25 per acre; but a man will do better to buy improved land, as it will cost as much to improve a farm as he will have to to pay to buy one, and he will lose the first year by not raising any crop. It is the best dairy country in the world.

G. BATES.

BARREN PLUM TREES.—*Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa.*—Some one, signing himself "W," wishes to know what to do for plum trees that blossom, but bear no fruit. When I lived in Connecticut, my father had a tree that blossomed but never bore fruit; and one day he thought he would throw some salt on the blossoms, and see if it would do any good. To his surprise it bore several quarts. "W." can try it if he wishes.

C. E. W.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CHESS.

"A Michigan Farmer in the Newspaper" of August 20th, 1862, has this remark in speaking of seed wheat. Very many old and respectable farmers entertain the idea that it makes no difference in regard to chess; that it is not produced from the seed, but comes from wheat which has been injured in the root. This doctrine is perhaps both right and wrong. Chess may be produced by too much wet weather in the spring, by allowing the water to lay in the low places; or by being bit off by cattle in the spring. Now, notwithstanding this broad assumption of correctness in saying "it is" or "it is not," I would ask permission to disagree with the farmer of Michigan. I have seen experiments made to change wheat into chess by cutting off the tops of the blades at different portions of the year, and it could not be done. I do not believe that wheat will change into chess. Like will produce like.

If wheat turns into chess, the latter will return to wheat. If not, then it is not a logical assertion to say that one thing will change into another and not return again. I have never heard of any other grain performing such actions as wheat turning into chess. Water will form ice, but ice will melt and become water again. In the Patent Office Report of 1852, is an article from Mr. Jos. Bready, who gives his experience on this subject, and is of the opinion that the chess theory is a humbug. He says: "Chess is probably a hardier plant than wheat, and thus flourishes where wheat has been frozen out, or from any other cause has not grown well. It seems to commence its growth later in the Spring, so that where the wheat is good it is choked, and makes but little show; but, where wheat has been injured, the small stalks spread into large stools and produce abundantly." This is substantially my opinion.

G. W.

Warren, N. J., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE STRIPED BUG.

Below is an excellent remedy for that pest of cucumber and melon vines—the striped bug. Take half a peck of manure from the hen-roosts; put it in an old tub or box; add four gallons of water. In twenty-four hours, by stirring it two or three times, it will be ready for use. Put half a pint of this liquid upon a hill of melons or squashes, and the striped bugs will vanish. At least, we have found it so on repeated trials. The bugs may not every one skedaddle on the first application, and they may re-appear; but they will not injure the vine.

Beside protecting the vine; this liquid is the very best manure, and the application may be frequently repeated, by wetting the leaves if a stray bug or two should linger on them, without aprehending any harm. The manure tub will bear being filled up several times with fresh water. The only objection to this plan is that made by the olfactory nerves, and if dainty people don't like it, here is another way a little nicer than the first. Take soot and sprinkle it over the plants. This is also an excellent fertilizer, and after putting it to a plant you cannot help but see the change it will make in the plants. Every handful of soot, taken out of the stove-pipe or chimney, should be saved to be put on plants. Try it, farmer, and report your success.

JA.

Mount Nittany, 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ASPARAGUS FOR GREENS.

As asparagus is an excellent vegetable for food, and but few know how to cultivate it, I will give my experience in its cultivation, which has proved successful.

I got seeds from the Patent Office, of an improved variety, sowed them, in the Spring, in drills on rich soil, and let them grow there until one year from the next August, when I selected a place for my bed, put on fine manure to the depth of six or eight inches, then spaded it into the ground; in which I planted the asparagus in rows about two feet each way, and about six inches deep. In the Fall I put on as much more manure, which I spread, and left it till Spring, when I raked it all over, that I could remove all chips or sticks that chanced to be in the manure; then took a fork and forked it all over nearly to the depth of the root of the asparagus; then let it grow till the next Spring, (in the meantime keeping it free from weeds, and occasionally throwing on lime, which is a help to it,) when it was fit for use. We use the shoots or stalks, when from three to six inches above the ground. They should be cut with a knife, two or three inches below the surface of the ground.

L. J. D.

North Star, Mich., 1863.

HOW TO KILL A BIRD.

It is quite an easy matter to shoot a bird, and most birds *must* be shot, but often living birds are brought to us, and as one would dislike to skin them alive, it is necessary to kill them in a proper and becoming manner. You can easily wring their necks, or cut their heads off, but since feathers are considered somewhat ornamental to birds, this kind of violence will not do. Blood can be easily washed off of *water* birds, but not from *land* birds so conveniently. *Poison* will not affect birds of prey, such as hawks and the like. I gave my eagle a teaspoonful of *prussic acid*, and instead of dying of it, he seemed rather refreshed. The scientific mode of murdering the poor innocent creatures, if they are not too large to handle, is *to pinch them with the thumb and finger under the wings*, so as to stop respiration, and, as gentle Isaac Walton says, in directing how to put a live frog on a fish hook, "in doing so, handle him as if you loved him." Byron says, by the way, that Walton was "a quaint, old, cruel coxcomb," and that he deserved to have "a hook in his gullet"—"with a small trout to pull it." If any one objects to having birds killed, he "had better stop," as the Irishman said, "*before he begins*" his collection.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PUMPKINS.

Are pumpkins a profitable crop for the farmer to raise? I should say it is. For I have raised them for several years, and have counted them a profitable crop if planted with corn. I have tried experiments with them, and the best way is to plant them among corn, about six feet apart each way, dropping two or three seeds to the hill. I have planted them alone, and the vines grew large and I got but very small pumpkins. For feeding cows they are excellent. They will increase the milk, and for fattening cattle they are most excellent; but as feed for hogs I never found them of much value.

J. S.

Frostburg, Md. 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

CHICORY.—*Fredonia, Ill.*—Will some of your correspondents give us an article on the cultivation of Chicory—and also tell us where the seed can be obtained? It would interest many of your readers who do not feel disposed to pay war prices for coffee.

A. E. K.

FRIABLE.—A friable soil is one which crumbles easily. Clay is *adhesive*, or in common language, *clammy*; leaf-mold is friable, or crumbling. Clay becomes friable when, by exposure to air or frost, or by addition of sand, vegetable matter, etc., it is thoroughly mellowed.

WHITEWASH on every inch of the poultry house will keep out lice; a bed of unleached ashes to roll in will prevent small vermin.

DICKENS' CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Hush, I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
I have got no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful, too, was I;
No, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have seen thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day—
Soon I know will want and fever
Waste thy little life away.
Famine makes thy mother reckless,
Hope and joy are gone from me;
I could suffer all, my baby,
Had I but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is sore oppressed;
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me;
He will take us to his Heaven,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling—thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

THE REBELLION.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

Our Losses 5,000—Rebel Losses 15,000.

[Correspondence of the Chicago Journal.]

IN THE REAR OF VICKSBURG, May 24, 1863.—Gen. Grant's army is in the rear of Vicksburg, in a most excellent military position, the line extending from the upper water batteries, on Walnut Hills, above Vicksburg, around to the heights above Warrenton and below Vicksburg. The average distance of our main force from the city is two miles. Our line of skirmishers, however, is quite up to the rebel entrenchments, a few yards generally measuring the distance between our sharpshooters and the rebel earthworks.

At the time of the first assault the enemy was in the greatest consternation. All the prisoners in Vicksburg were released and sent across the river. I believe, if McClernand had made the assault, as ordered, our army would have taken Vicksburg. Why he did not, I really do not know.

During the night of the 21st, the gunboats and mortars opened upon the city and the lower batteries. During the whole night, and until ten in the morning of the 22d, a constant, heavy, terrific cannonade was kept up. Soon after daylight the batteries of the army opened fire. The rebels replied from all their guns. The water batteries were silenced by the gunboats, but those on the heights kept at work. The gunboats could not fire at them, as our army was in their rear.

About midday another assault was ordered on the whole line. Storming parties of volunteers and forlorn hopes, were advanced under cover of field batteries and sharpshooters, and supported by brigades. The men moved bravely and well into the field, and up to the works; but all in vain. We could not take the works. The men dug steps in the earthworks with their bayonets, and placed their colors on the rebel parapets, whence neither party could remove them, every man who showed himself falling from the shot of a riflemen. Our loss during the day was very severe, especially of officers.

Vicksburg is defended in the rear by works fifteen feet in height, with ditches ten feet deep; the works standing on steep hillsides, every approach protected by rifle-pits and covered by artillery. It cannot be taken by assault, but *will* be taken. It is a doomed city.

This morning a mine under one of the forts, in front of Sherman's corps, was blown up, and the site is now in our possession.

I send you a partial list of casualties. Our loss, so far, is about 5000 killed and wounded, perhaps less. The enemy's loss, so far, is not less than 15,000. Seven thousand prisoners are in our hands, and 92 pieces of artillery. The quantity of small arms, ordnance, camp and garrison equipage that has fallen into our hands, is very large.

Before the second assault upon the enemy's rear fortifications, Gen. McArthur, with a portion of his division, crossed the Mississippi near Warrenton, and, after a severe engagement, drove the enemy and occupied the heights above Warrenton and below Vicksburg.

Colonel Humphreys, of the ninety-fifth Illinois, was in General Ransom's brigade. In the second assault his regiment was hesitating; General Ransom called to him to move forward. Dropping his sword in a salute to the General, he ordered, "Forward, Ninety-fifth," and fell dead. The color-bearer was shot, and fell at the same instant. The regiment wavered. Gen. Ransom seized the colors and advanced in front of the line; three line officers left their places, came to the General and took the colors. The line advanced and those colors were planted on the rebel parapet.

During the same day the colors of the Ninth Iowa were planted on a rebel parapet, the color-guard digging steps with their bayonets. The colors remained in that position seven hours. Every man of the Ninth that attempted to get near them was shot by the rebels. Every rebel that essayed to touch them was winged by one of our sharpshooters. The Ninth brought away the flagstaff and about two-thirds of the colors; the rebels have perhaps one-third. When colors are advanced to such a position that every hand that essays to feel the staff is winged, you can well understand that there is sharp-shooting.

The night after the first assault, Blair's division (formerly Dave Stuart's), were continuously and carefully moving their dead and wounded from the field. Suddenly a large fire was kindled on the rebel parapet, and an officer inquired what our men were doing. Being informed, he replied, "We built this fire to take your wounded out of the ditch—drive your ambulances up, and you will not be molested." Our wounded and dead were all removed, the rebels keeping up the light.

The Storming of the Rebel Works at Vicksburg.

THE REPULSE OF OUR TROOPS.

The following description of the storming of the rebel works at Vicksburg, on the 20th and 22d, is from a correspondent of the Times. Since then, there has been another attempt to take them by storm, ending, as the other two did, in failure, the particulars of which have not yet reached us:

THE STORMING OF THE WORKS.

About half past one, Blair's division was all in line, screened by the west of the first range of hills behind the rebel works. The division consisted of sixteen regiments. For some cause, it was nearly or quite the only one that advanced, and was the only one that suffered in the disastrous movement. The Thirteenth and Forty-seventh Ohio were detailed to support batteries. The attack was mainly made by the Thirteenth Infantry, Sixth and Eighth Missouri, Forty-seventh Ohio and Fourth Virginia.

At precisely 2 o'clock, the various regiments rose to their feet, and, with a tremendous cheer, started at double-quick over the hill.

Passing over the crest of the first hill, behind which they lay, the charging column saw in front of them another hill about 500 yards distant. To reach this, it was necessary to descend a slope for about 250 yards, the surface of which was broken with deep gullies and covered with fallen timber. Down this our men rushed in double-quick, took a moment's rest at the bottom, and then commenced the steep ascent beyond. This slope is covered with an abattis of heavy timber, beyond which is a high rail fence, then a ditch ten feet in depth, then a nearly perpendicular ascent, some twelve feet in height, and then the rebel parapet and rifle-pit, protected by a strong stockade ten feet in height.

The ditches around the works were commanded by an enfilading fire from guns mounted upon traverses, while to the right and left were works and buildings and other objects, behind which rebel sharpshooters could find protection, and pour a destructive fire upon an enemy, after as well as before they had gained the interior of their main works.

The Thirteenth Infantry, Fourth Virginia, Forty-seventh Ohio, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Illinois, Sixth and Eighth Missouri, and possibly one or two other regiments gained the ditch. The conflict was "short and decisive." In twenty minutes the brigades had ascended the hill, and return minus some eight hundred men. The rebels mowed our gallant fellows down with grape, canister and musketry; they were protected, we had nothing to shield us from the deadly storm.

The Thirteenth Infantry lost 83 men killed and wounded out of 204, among whom was its gallant commander, Capt. Washington, wounded and taken prisoner; Capts Yates and Ewing, Lieuts. How, Little, Bates, and other officers severely wounded. Every brigade in the charge had from three to five color-bearers shot down while advancing upon the rebel works. Three men of the Thirteenth Regulars were killed while carrying the colors. Capt. Yates then seized them, and was in the act of planting them in the ditch, when he was shot in four places. He handed them to a Sergeant, who was struck down by a cannon shot, when they were taken by Capt. Ewing, who, although wounded in the act, carried them safely from the field.

The brigade under Gen. Thayer advanced, and fell back after suffering some slight loss. Had McClernand advanced, as was intended, the capture of Vicksburg would undoubtedly have taken place at the time of this first assault.

REBEL COURTESY.

Many of our wounded were left on the field until after dark, particularly those who were lying close to the rebel works. About midnight the enemy called to our skirmishers not to fire upon them, as they were about to carry in some of our wounded. At the same time they built a fire upon the parapet of their works, stuck up a small white flag by it, and then called to our men to come and carry off the wounded, as they would not be disturbed. This was done by the ambulance corps; guided by the fire, they went all over the ground covered by the fight, even in the ditches before the works, and before morning had secured every wounded man left upon the field.

A SEASON OF QUIET.

The next two days, Wednesday and Thursday, were in the main quiet, except in the case of the batteries. Not less than fifty guns, of sizes varying from six to thirty pounders, were mounted in the rear of the city, at short distances from the enemy's works, and these from daylight till dark, and many of them from dark till daylight, kept up a ceaseless "poundering" against the rebel defences. On the river side the gun and mortar-boats were also busy, thus fairly encircling the rebels with thunder and fire; but they seemed to care very little for it, rarely replying to our fire, and seemingly paying us no other attention than keeping a vigilant watch upon the movements of our infantry.

ANOTHER ASSAULT AND REPULSE.

Wednesday and Thursday were given up to the artillery, and to getting our men ready for another attack, which took place at 4 P. M. of Friday. It is needless to give particulars—it was in the main like the other, only on a larger scale, and it met with a repulse as decided as did that of Tuesday. The usual character of assaults prevailed in this—some gallant heroes went up the hill into the very ditches, others failed when half way up, others never started, but sought safety from the deadly storm behind logs and trees, many started and went forward bravely, but never returned. Steele was repulsed, Blair was repulsed, Ranson, Logan, McClernand, everybody—we gained nothing of ground, we lost in killed and wounded in less than half an hour twenty-five hundred men.

It was everywhere the same, down a broken hill under showers of grape, canister, fragments of shells and musket balls; up a long ascent covered with almost impenetrable abattis, broken into hollows, nearly inaccessible to a pedestrian in the most peaceful times, and searched in every corner by the deadly messengers from the crest. Once up there, a wide ditch the opposite side rising nearly perpendicularly twelve feet, then a high stockade, from whose double loop-holes death was flashing unceasingly; upon heights beyond a fort mounted with guns, upon the right and left works with cannon pouring a murderous enfilading fire along the very ditch into which our advance were crowding, vainly looking for some place in front of them accessible. It was in vain—they could not get over, if there was no enemy beyond, unless they should first fill up the ditch, batter down the stockades, or mount them with long ladders. And so the gallant men who had gained the direct line, regained the hill beyond, and the second assault is ended.

General Carr is reported mortally wounded. Colonel Dollings is killed. Colonel Stone, of Iowa, has an arm shot off. Lieutenant-Colonels, Captains and Lieutenants, without number, have gone down, killed or wounded, in this charge, which General Sherman pronounces more deadly than that which took Sebastopol.

We have now sent for spades and hereafter the work of reducing Vicksburg will be done more by digging than charging. To-day (Sunday) is quiet everywhere. The main work going on being the transfer of our wounded to hospital boats on the river.

THE KILLING OF CAPTAIN MCMANUS BY CAPTAIN MCMAHON.—A cold-blooded murder was committed on Thursday last, in the camp of the 71st Pennsylvania. It seems that Captain McManus, Company E, 69th New York, was visiting Captain Phillips, of the former regiment, and in the course of the conversation made some remarks about Captain McMahon, of the 71st. The latter being in his tent close by, it is supposed, heard the conversation, and at once appeared in the tent in his night dress, revolver in hand, and saying, "Sir, you have been talking about me to-night," immediately raised the pistol and fired before any one could interfere. The ball entered the breast near the heart, and death ensued in about an hour afterward. McMahon attempted to fire a second time, but was prevented by a lieutenant who was present. When the news reached the 69th quite an excitement was created, and it was great difficulty the mob of soldiers could be restrained from taking summary vengeance. Capt. McManus belonged to Philadelphia, where his wife resides.—*Norfolk (Va.) Union, June 1.*

THE rebel pickets taunt our men with the delay in capturing Vicksburg. They suggest that we shall have "a sweet job of it." A party from each side, lately, while bathing, swam toward each other, shook hands with a "how are you, old fellow," in the middle of the river, and agreed to change positions for the time being. Our men, therefore, swam to the rebel shore. The latter then personated Yankees, shouting "How are you, secesh?" with many expletives not calculated for ears polite, and were answered by "How are you, pork and molasses? When are you going to pitch into us again?" &c. After a friendly talk with those near by, both parties recrossed. This may seem odd, among men who are engaged in killing each other, but private and professional life are two very different matters. It is a demoniac rifle ball one day, and a friendly hand-shaking the next.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NELSON'S LOVE.

"Lamartine's Memoirs of Celebrated Characters," has, in the memoir of Nelson, an episode concerning the famed beauty that once enchanted him. Tracing Nelson through the early stages of his rapid and signal success, the author leads us to the contemplation of his "fatal attachment" to Lady Hamilton—she who was "at first the Aspasia, and afterwards the Herodias of her age." Here is a description of how this wonderful woman emerged from obscurity, and blazed on the world.

LADY HAMILTON'S YOUTH AND FORTUNES.

Her only name was Emma, for her father remained always unknown. She was one of the children of love, of crime, of mystery, whom nature delights to overwhelm with gifts in compensation for the loss of hereditary claims. Her mother was a poor farmer's servant in the county of Chester. Whether she had lost her husband by death, or, like Hagar, had been abandoned by her seducer, she arrived unknown, and reduced to beggary, at a village in Wales, the Switzerland of England. She carried in her arms a female infant of a few months old. The beauty of both attracted the simple mountaineers of the village of Hawarden; the stranger picked up a livelihood by working for the farmers and gleaning in the fields. The marked and noble features of the child served to propagate the rumor that her birth was illustrious and mysterious; she was said to be a daughter of Lord Halifax. Nothing afterwards, either in her fortune or education, gave color to the report. At the age of twelve, she was received in a neighboring family as children's servant. The frequent visits of her master and mistress to London, where they resided in the house of their relative, the celebrated engraver, Beydell, gave her the first idea of the impression her figure produced on the crowd in public places, and a vague presentation of the high fortune to which her beauty would exalt her. At sixteen she made her escape from Hawarden, a field too obscure and circumscribed for her expanded dreams, and engaged herself in the household of a respectable tradesman in London. A lady of superior rank, struck by her appearance in the shop, elevated her to a higher position in servitude.

Almost without employment in an opulent family, Emma gave herself up to the perusal of those fascinating romances which create an imaginary world for the love or ambition of youthful minds; she frequented the theatres, and imbibed there the first inspirations of the genius of dramatic expression, of action and attitude, by which she became the animated statue of beauty and passion. Being discharged by her mistress for some household negligence, her growing taste for the theatre induced her to seek a situation in the family of one of the managers. The irregularity and freedom of that establishment, the constant intercourse with actors, musicians and dancers, initiated her in the subordinate mechanism of the dramatic art. She was then in the flower of her youth, and the full perfection of her beauty. Her tall and elegant figure equalled in natural grace the studied attitudes of the most practiced figurantes. Her countenance, endowed with susceptibility, as delicate and varying as the first feeling of a virgin mind, was, at the same time, pensive and dazzling. All who saw her at that period of her life agreed in describing her as a resuscitation of Psyche. Purity of soul, transparent through the elegance of feature, surrounded her, even in a dependent position, with a respect which admiration dare not overleap. She spread fire without being entangled in the flame herself; her innocence found a safeguard even in the excess of her beauty. Her first fall was not a descent to vice, but a gliding into imprudence, arising from a yielding nature. A young countryman of the village of Hawarden, son of the farmer who had first given an asylum to her mother, was seized by a press gang, and carried in fetters to the fleet at anchor in the Thames. Emma, at the entreaty of the prisoner's sister, accompanied her to the captain of the ship to implore the liberation of her brother. Won by the beauty of the fair suppliant, he listened to her prayers and tears, removed her from her low though honest station, overwhelmed her with shameful luxury, furnished a house for her, supplied her with masters in every ornamental accomplishment, boastfully displayed his conquest in public, and left her, when the squadron sailed, exposed without safeguard to new seductions.

One of his friends, bearing a noble name, and possessed of a large fortune, carried off the faithless Emma to an estate in the country, treated her as his wife, made her the queen of the hunting parties, fetes, and balls; and finally growing tired of her at the end of the season, left her in London, at the mercy of chance, necessity and crime. Thrown back from this golden cloud on the hard pavement of the metropolis, and depreciated in the eyes of her former protectors, by the publicity of her adventures, Emma was received by night, and in rags, under the care of one of those infamous procuresses who carry on the trade of seduction. Accident alone preserved her from infamy. The woman who had given her shelter, struck by the natural grace and modesty of her demeanor, and astonished at her overwhelming charms, introduced her as a natural miracle, to a celebrated physician, eminent for his admiration of female beauty. This was the well-known Dr. Graham (the inventor of the celestial bed), a voluptuous and mystic quack, who professed to worship and to possess some profound intelligence respecting the secrets of nature, by which means he had acquired a suspicious and fantastic reputation. Dr. Graham expressed his admiration at the sight of the young orphan, and liberally rewarded her introducer. He received her into his own house, publicly advertised that he possessed a rare example of the efficacy of his specifics to produce perfections of life, beauty, and health in a human being; and called upon the incredulous to come and convince themselves by looking on an animated image of the goddess of Hygeia. At this appeal, addressed to licentiousness rather than to science, the disciples of Graham crowded mysteriously to his amphitheatre. The unfortunate victim of her own charms appeared clothed in transparent garments, in the costome of a divinity; her covering scarcely concealed her blushes.

The pride of the physician, and the enthusiasm of the spectators, burst forth in loud acclamations. Painting and statuary had never before presented ideal form and coloring equal to this example of living nature. Painters and sculptors vied in rivalry to copy from this divine original. Among them Romney, one of the leading artists of the day, produced many duplicates of the same lovely countenance. He painted the fair Emma as the goddess of the heathen mythology, and under the attributes of the leading heroines of poetry and the drama. The portraits, being engraved, multiplied throughout Europe the features of the unknown beauty. Romney, like Appelles, subdued by Campaspe, became enamored of his model, and carried her off from Graham as an exhaustless treasure of art and fortune. He sold for their weight in gold her portraits, either as the sorceress Circe, or as Innocence holding a sensitive plant, and astonished at the motion of the flower. This anonymous publicity at the same time protected her modesty. The produce of ha[...]tudes, which she received from Graha[...] Romney, enabled her to live in London [...] shadow of respectable retirement.

The celebrated Madame Lebrun, artist in ordinary to the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, painted her at this time as a Bacchante, and carried her features over to France. Quite a young Englishman, of the illustrious house of Warwick, Mr. Greville, nephew to Sir William Hamilton, ambassador to Naples, discovered Emma in this obscurity. Passion made him believe in her virtue; he loved, and endeavored to seduce her. Whether she really desired to redeem the errors of her early life, or preferred an honorable name to a large fortune, she steadily resisted his solicitations, and was only won by a promise of marriage as soon as the consent of his family could be conquered by perseverance. They lived as man and wife during several years. Three children followed this secret union, and nothing for a time disturbed their happiness. Emma, always grateful and warm hearted, even at the expense of pride, sent for her indigent mother to reside with her and treated her with respect and kindness, in spite of her servile condition.

In 1780, after this interval of domestic happiness, constantly interrupted by the remonstrances of his relations, Greville, deprived of his salaries of offices and pressed by accumulated debt, hesitated between the necessity and sorrow of casting off the woman he considered his wife. Their mutual grief at the prospect of separation poisoned the last days of their intercourse. At this crisis Greville's uncle, Sir Wm. Hamilton, arrived in London. He was unmarried, master of a large fortune, and intended his nephew for his heir. But his aristocratic consequence revolted from the idea of acknowledging as his grand nephews the children of a prostitute. He refused either to consent to the marriage of Greville, or to pay his debts; the nephew saw no resource but in the intercession of his mistress. Emma, at his suggestion, attired herself in the garb of her infancy, and, in stiff gown and straw hat, waited upon his uncle. She threw herself at his feet, confessed her fault, shed tears as persuasive as they were genuine, appealed to the tender pledges of her love, and besought Sir William to pardon the father and mother, for the sake of the unfortunate children. Her triumph was more signal than she anticipated. The old man, fascinated by features and accents which surpassed all he had ever looked on or listened to, either in the Athenian statuary, or on the voluptuous boards of the Italian opera houses, yielded to the seductions which had enhanced his nephew. The same love which he had refused to understand, revenged itself by reducing him to the thraldom of Greville.

The beauty of Emma overpowered him, and, like one seized by sudden madness, he forgot, after two interviews, his age, his rank, his repugnance to matrimony, her obscure birth and irregular life, the mutual affection long subsisting between her and her paramour, the living pledges of their love, the scandal and infamy of a traffic in female charms; and, finally, purchased the possession of the venal beauty by the discharge of his nephew's embarrassments. They were privately married in London, and Sir William hastened back to Naples with his prize, leaving his union undeclared. Her beauty dazzled Italy as it had previously fascinated England. But the knowledge of her avocation as a model, which could not be concealed, and rumor of the shameless bargain between the uncle and nephew, preceded her to Naples. The ambassador, to stifle these reports, and to re establish his idol, was compelled to the ceremony of a public marriage. Scandal disappeared before the rank and resistless charms of the young ambassadress. She was presented at Court, and at the first glance won the admiration and enthusiastic admiration of the Queen.

To say the least, it is not generous to believe that Nelson did not know the charming Emma's antecedents. His spontaneous love arose for Lady Hamilton, to all appearance, as distinct a being as could be conceived from the ragged wanderer of London streets, or the woman who sat as a model of a Circe or a Bacchante. The enchantress exercised a stern influence over the conduct of Nelson—so stern, that it left deep and everlasting shadows on the splendid fame of the hero.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

BREAD MAKING.—In order to have good bread, there are three things very essential—good flour, good risings, and a careful hand. Now, if my lady friends will comply with the following directions, I will guarantee them as good bread as was ever broken by mortal. The day of hop yeast has gone by. It is not used by the country folks at the present day, only by here and there a family. Here is my way of making bread:

Water Risings.—Take a quart pitcher and a spoon—scald them thoroughly—fill the pitcher half full of boiling water from the teakettle, which has been drawn fresh from the fountain. Let the water cool to the temperature of good hot dishwater; stir in flour sufficient to make them as thick as pancake batter; add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and as much soda; cover them closely, set them where they will keep quite warm; stir occasionally. They will rise in five or six hours.

Wheat Bread.—Milk is the best wetting for bread—water will answer. Stir the wetting into the flour quite warm, then add the rising; stir it altogether to make a sponge. When sufficiently light, mix and mould into loaves. Let it rise again. The oven should be hot enough to bake a common loaf of bread in thirty minutes without scorching or hardly browning in the least. Bread should never be cut until it is twelve hours old, and then only what is to be eaten immediately; better cut again than to have a plateful left. Who can bear to eat bread that has been sliced and dried a day or two?

Raised Biscuit.—Take some of the bread dough when light, knead a piece of butter as large as an egg into dough enough to fill a long tin—mould into small biscuits—let them rise again; bake for twenty minutes.

Indian Bread.—Take two quarts of Indian meal, pour on boiling water enough to make the meal quite wet; when cool, add a quart of flour, half a pint of risings, a little salt, and half a cupful of molasses. Mix altogether, put into large basins and let it rise; bake for three hours with a slow fire.

Johnny Cake.—A Johnny cake, to be eaten with meat, should be made as follows: One teacupful of sweet milk, one of buttermilk, a little salt and a little soda; stir in meal enough to make a soft batter; bake for forty minutes.—*Mrs. Gall.*

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

MACHINERY FOR PREPARING HEMP.—The vegetable fibre known as Sisal hemp, is attracting a great deal of attention at the present time. This fibre is obtained from a species of cactus, the Agave Americana, and has been used heretofore principally in the manufacture of cordage. It is collected by the natives, and prepared for market by a very laborious process. After bruising one of the leaves with stones, they scrape off the fleshy portion, by drawing the leaf with one hand a great many times under a scraper or comb, which is held in the other hand. A great deal of effort has been put forth to devise machinery for performing this labor, and at last these efforts have been attended with success. The leaf is fed, between two fluted rollers, into the space between a swiftly revolving drum and the inside of a cylindrical case; the drum carrying on its periphery a number of combs, which scrape the fleshy portion of the leaf from the fibre. The fibre prepared by the machine is far superior to that prepared by hand, and the facility of production immensely increased. This simple machine promises to effect a complete revolution in this industry, similar to the effect produced on the cotton culture by the invention of the gin.

IMPROVED COMPOSITION OR CEMENT.—Among the recent English inventions is a new kind of cement or composition, which may be used as a substitute for plaster of paris. In its manufacture, quick lime in the state of powder is submitted to the action of sulphurous acid gas. The slaked lime is passed through a revolving screen which sifts it, then it is carried down a shaft lined with fire-brick, which shaft is heated by a fire outside. The heated lime, in a thin shower, is here met by a stream of heated sulphurous acid gas, and is impregnated with it. The gas is prepared by placing sulphur in an iron vessel, having a fire underneath it; and as the sulphur burns, the gas is given off in large quantities. One pound of sulphur to eighty pounds of lime is required. Iron pyrites may be used instead of pure sulphur. The sulphurous gas is also conducted to mingle with the flames of a furnace before it mixes with the lime, so as to combine it with a considerable quantity of oxygen. The lime thus impregnated with the sulphurous acid gas is now cooled, and is fit for use as a cement. In nature, this cement is similar to roasted plaster of paris, and may be used for like purposes.

PHENOMENA OF MAGNETISM.—The earth forms a great magnet, whose magnetism is maintained by the sun; and the magnetic condition of all metals is more or less depending upon the great parent magnet. A steel magnet that has lost its power of tension, when buried in the earth, will be restored by its magnetic currents. But how far the cohesion and elasticity of wrought iron may be affected by these currents is not known. When a bar of iron is drawn apart by a tensile strain, the fractured ends are magnetically excited, and will attract iron filings at the same time that they become heated. Both phenomena, magnetism as well as heat, will always accompany the forcible rupture of iron, as can be readily ascertained by experiment. The same phenomena are also exhibited when iron is hammered cold, the heat in this case being more apparent than magnetism. Red-hot iron is not attracted by a magnet, while a steel magnet entirely loses its magnetic properties on being heated red hot. It is also a remarkable fact, that artificial as well as natural magnets, when overloaded, become weakened.

APPARATUS FOR GAS MANUFACTURE.—Mr. Ohren, of Sydenham, Eng., an associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers, in describing an improvement which he has made in mechanism connected with the manufacture of gas, says: "It is a known fact, that, although a gas exhauster, working at level gage, draws off a considerable portion of the gas produced in a retort, still a pressure is maintained in the retort, and consequently a large portion of gas is thereby destroyed in the retort." To remove this pressure from the retorts, he proposes the use of a moveable disk, whereby the water in the hydraulic main is kept at one uniform level—just sufficient to seal the pipe when the retort is at work. The moveable disk can be raised or lowered by the use of a screw and wheel with a pointer attached.

PLASTIC MATERIAL FOR DECORATIVE ORNAMENTS.—Take five parts of good whiting and mix with a solution of one part of glue. When the whiting is worked up into a paste with the glue, a proportionate amount of turpentine is added. In order to prevent its clinging to the hands whilst the turpentine is being worked into the paste, a small quantity of linseed oil is added from time to time. The mass may also be colored by kneading any pigment that may be desired. It may be pressed into moulds, and used for the production of bas reliefs, &c. It may also be worked by hand into models for sculptors and architects, during which operation the hands must be rubbed with linseed oil; the mass must be kept warm during the process. When it cools and dries, which takes place in a few hours, it becomes hard.

[...] was green,
[...] sea,
[...]ever had seen.

[...]n aroused
[...]ning's gentle doze,
[...]f splashing water,
[...]rom the horrid hose.

He has never heard a man
Scrubbing right over his head,
With a noise sufficient to rouse
From the grave the slumbering dead.

He has never seen a fat woman
Growing thinner day by day,
And leaning over the vessel's side,
Throwing herself away.

While people look carelessly on,
Though in tears the woman be,
And unfeelingly say it is nothing at all,
Only the roll of the sea.

That man may have sailed in a boat
In some puddle or on a sound,
But if he has been to sea, and wrote
Such a song, he deserves to be drowned.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

The Bachelor and the Baby.

"What shall I do?" and the old bachelor stamped about the sitting-room in a perfect rage of doubt, looking first at the napping baby in the little willow cradle, and then at the busy French clock on the mantle-shelf. "As sure as my name is Joseph Phelps, that little two-fisted, large-lunged nephew of mine is about waking, and it wants yet one whole hour of the time which its mother appointed for her return. Whew! I actually sweat thinking about it. What can I do with it? How can I treat it to sugar what-do-you-call-em's, or hold it, or trot it, or do anything with it?" At this juncture, a faint wail from the baby receptacle brought bachelor Phelps to his taps. With an energy and alacrity that would have become a husband and baby-tender, he commenced rocking the cradle, sending the indignant baby into a perfect tremor of kicks and squalls. Backwards and forwards, from one side of the pillow to the other, the round, red face rolled, the infant fists were clenched with a force that purpled them, while from the white, plump throat, came a cry that set the bachelor wild with fear. Again Joe looked at the clock. "What in the deuce can I do?" he exclaimed, viewing woefully the little inflamed face before him. He sat down in a big chair before the baby, spread a double cradle-quilt over his knees, and with a look of terror upon his face, proceeded to take the baby from its resting-place. He drew the young hopeful into his lap, just as a very neat old lady would pick up a handkerchief, with his thumbs and fingers. A fresh yell from the rosy mouth of the baby was the only expression of thanks, as he commenced the never-out-of-fashion baby-trot. "It must be that something is pricking him. Shoo! shoo!" said Joe, commencing a search for the aggravating pin that was driving the child into such a rage. But no pin was to be found, and he made an attempt to turn the baby over, but oh! the clumsiness of his fingers—the little elf-like form fell out of his lap to the floor, sending out a cry that was louder, clearer, deadlier than before. "The Lord save me, I've broken its neck!" and in the agony of despair tried to quiet him. A thought struck Joe. He saw a basque lying against the wall of the adjoining bedroom, and, with a smile of delight upon his countenance, he went for it. Sure enough, there it was, stuffing, bodice, and all! a real monument of female ingenuity. He was wild with joy. He pinned it over his coat, and fastened the sleeves behind him. He took baby and laid its head against the false breastwork. "Shades of Southern plantations and cotton factories!" exclaimed Joe, and baby rooted its nose into it for about a minute, then cuddled for a snooze. Then the bachelor commenced singing:

"Women are a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given;
When filled with bran and stuffed with tow,
They looked quite—"

A tap upon the door stopped Joe in the midst of his suggestive song, and before he had time to disarray himself, the door was opened, and a laughing pair of eyes peered in upon him. "Your sister is not at home, is she?" chirrupped the visiter. "No ma'am," stammered Joe, growing very red in the face; "and I have turned nurse." Miss Hays laughed, offered to relieve him of his charge, which he willingly consented to, sitting near by, the while, intently watching her. She managed baby to a charm, without the basque, and Joe was captivated.

Joseph Phelps married Fanny Hays—upon my word he did.

A Hen Story.

The following story is told by a paper in Stockton, California: "One of our prominent republican citizens is now engaged in a singular controversy with one of the colored 'brethren.' The dark-haired brother, it appears, owned a hen; this hen visited the premises of her master's white 'brother,' and thereby hangs a tale. The said negro's hen then laid a nest full of eggs upon the republican's lot, and commenced setting. The said republican, having some choice Spanish hen's eggs, took advantage of the hen's situation, and removes her own laid eggs and in their stead placed the Spanish hen's eggs. In due course of time the eggs were hatched. But now comes the irrepressible nigger, and demands both hen and chickens, claiming that the former is the mother of the latter. The republican demurs to this, and puts in a plea that the real mother is the hen that laid the eggs. The nigger 'don't see it,' and points to a precedent where his old master, Judge McGee, 'when a woman sued for a divorce, gin the children to the woman, 'cause she brooded 'em.' The real question between the 'brethren' is, which hen is the mother of the chickens? The negro threatened to sue, either for the chickens or for damages from use of his hen. Whether this question will be carried to the Supreme Court remains to be seen."

A Proposal.

The residents of Abergeldie, the summer seat of the Duchess of Kent, were once surprised with a visit from a Breemar farmer, who exhibited all the symptoms of having imbibed an intoxicating quantity of the far-famed Lochnager, or "mountain dew." "Is the Duchess in?" asked the farmer. "Yes," replied Plush, "leave your card, or say what's your business." "What's the use of leaving my (hic) card, when I'm (hic) here myself?" demanded the farmer. "Well, your business, sir?" asked Plush, impatiently. "Why d'ye see now, the Duchess is a widow, isn't she?" "Yes, that is well," replied Plush, beginning to be amused, "but what of that?" "What of that," rejoined the farmer, "there is this of that; I am a widower, the Duchess is a widow, and (hic) I want to get into the Royal Family."

An Irishman's Wit.

"Arrah, me darlint," cried Jamie O'Falagen to his loquacious sweet-heart, who had given him no opportunity of even answering her remarks during the two hours' ride behind his little bay nags in his oyster wagon; "are you after knowin' why yer cheeks are like my ponies there?" "Shure and its because they're *red*, is it?" quoth blushing Bridget. "Faith and a better raisin than that, *mavourneen*. Because there's one uv thim each side of a wagin (wagon) tongue!"

A Wise Answer.

"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent. "But ma, I like her, she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as neat as I do, and has lots of toys." "I cannot help that, my dear," responded the codfish mother, "her father, you know, is a shoemaker." "But I don't play with her father, I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

Farinacious Gunpowder.

Some German chemists are said to have discovered that starch, by being peculiarly treated with nitric acid, becomes converted into an explosive substance which promises to supersede common gunpowder. This starch, if employed for warlike purposes, will prove a stiffener for many a tall fellow.

Potatoes

A fellow was one day boasting of his pedigree, when a wag, who was present, remarked, very sententiously, "Ah! I have no doubt. That reminds me of a remark made by Lord Bacon, that they who derive their worth from their ancestors resemble potatoes, the most valuable part of which is under ground."

AT A FANCY BALL in Paris a marchioness is described as appearing covered with ivy. The character she represented is not stated, but we surmise it must have been an old ruin—her husband!

PUZZLES, &c.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of nineteen letters.
My 3 4 1 is a river in England.
My 13 7 9 is an insect.
My 1 9 19 11 3 16 8 11 is one of the West India Islands.
My 9 13 10 3 5 is a mountain in Palestine.
My 14 3 4 18 9 10 3 15 11 is the seat of the famous Indian Chief King Philip.
My 6 1 12 10 17 13 is an Island in the Mediterranean sea.
My 2 10 13 6 16 is a piece of furniture.
My 13 11 5 11 is a city in Asia Minor.
My 8 5 13 15 11 1 is a fruit.
My 16 17 2 13 is a metal.
My 5 3 4 19 10 6 11 1 is the Scotch name for withered boughs.
My whole is a Scotch saying.

MIKE.

Lancaster County, Pa., 1863.

CHARADE.

I am the weakest thing alive,
Yet dauntless with the strong I strive;
Defenceless and exposed I lie,
Yet old and young to serve me fly.

I beat my mother, scorn my sire,
Would smile though cities were on fire;
Wrong is to me the same as right,
I sinned before I saw the light.

My past distress affects me not,
I nothing dread my future lot!
Whate'er I wish to do I dare,
And leave to others all my care.

I prize not honors, wealth, or birth,
Nor greatest glories of the earth;
And I, of all on mortal ground,
Alone am independent found.

Exempt from envy and from pride,
All that I want is soon supplied,
Unmoved by others' weal or wo,
Without a rival or a foe.

And by the wisest and the best
My state has been accounted blest;
For Christians most advanced must be
In many things most like to me.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a legislator a most blasphemous man? Because he cannot take his seat without an oath.

Why is a young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to adore.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN LAST WEEK'S "Newspaper:"—"Time and Tide Wait for Nobody."

ANSWER TO CHARADE—[...]